JAN. 8,
1938

Liberty

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Calendar-1938

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Oct. 12, Legalized in Thirty-Five States and Puerto Rico   Nov. 11, Legalized in Thirty-Three States and Hawaii

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COLLINS AVE. AT 67th STREET *Miami Beach* **FLORIDA**

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

HOW TO BOOST BUSINESS SKY HIGH

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Paeans of joy resound throughout the land. At last the government has discovered that business is the source of jobs and that even a dog does not bite the hand that feeds it. Therefore a friendly attitude toward business, the government has concluded, might help to remedy the unemployment evil.

For approximately five years business has been subject to attacks which have hampered, restricted, and scared executives to such an extent that they have refused to build or promote their own interests. They could not plan for the future.

During no part of this long period has business advanced as it should after such a disastrous depression.

The one crushing factor against which business is struggling at this time is high taxes, although the impression that they will go higher and higher, which has prevailed for some time, can now be questioned.

Although confiscatory taxes face all business . . . executives who have been creators, who believe in making their efforts count in a big way, have been especially penalized. They have been set apart and made to feel the heavy hand of official displeasure.

Now, what can be done to take business out of the present doldrums?

There is one change that would run through the business world of this country like an electric shock: If the actual business builders . . . the men whose creative genius and superefficiency have made this country the wealthiest in the world . . . could be freed from heavy taxes and definitely guaranteed that they would be rewarded in the future as they were while building their great enterprises, and that government would display the intelligence necessary to recognize not only that the worker is worthy of his hire but that every man should be paid in accordance with his actual earning capacity . . . then there would be a change in business colossal in nature.

Billions upon billions of money that has been hiding in vaults or invested in frozen securities would be released. New factories would be built; huge investments would be made in machinery, and the unemployment problem would soon be ancient history.

Yes, but there is still huge governmental spending!

To meet this stupendous expense, bring hidden taxes out in the open and start an economy drive. Throw aside the nauseating hypocrisy and the pretense that the workers do not pay taxes. Tell them the truth.

Cancel all heavy taxes on expanding businesses. Cancel taxes on incomes actually earned by business builders. Give business the freedom to grow with giantlike strides, and place all hidden taxes where they must ultimately be paid . . . on the consumer.

And that means that much hated sales tax. But we are all paying this tax at this time. And there are no exceptions!

Everybody that buys shoes, clothing, groceries, or merchandise of any kind pays these hidden taxes.

Bring them out in the open . . . make the consumers pay them in the sales tax . . . there would be no change in prices. Every consumer would then know what he had been paying in hidden taxes.

And stop penalizing efficiency, creative ability. Properly reward business genius.

Every business builder in the country, without an exception, has done his share in making this the greatest and wealthiest nation in the world, with the highest standard of living for workers, and government officials so lacking in intelligence as to penalize our citizens who are the actual source of employment and the wealth that produces it, represent an amazing display of official incompetence.

It is not unlike a great organization sending out salesmen and informing them in advance that the more they sell the less their salary will be. It is a fitting comparison to the situation which has existed in this country for the last five years.

Bernarr Macfadden

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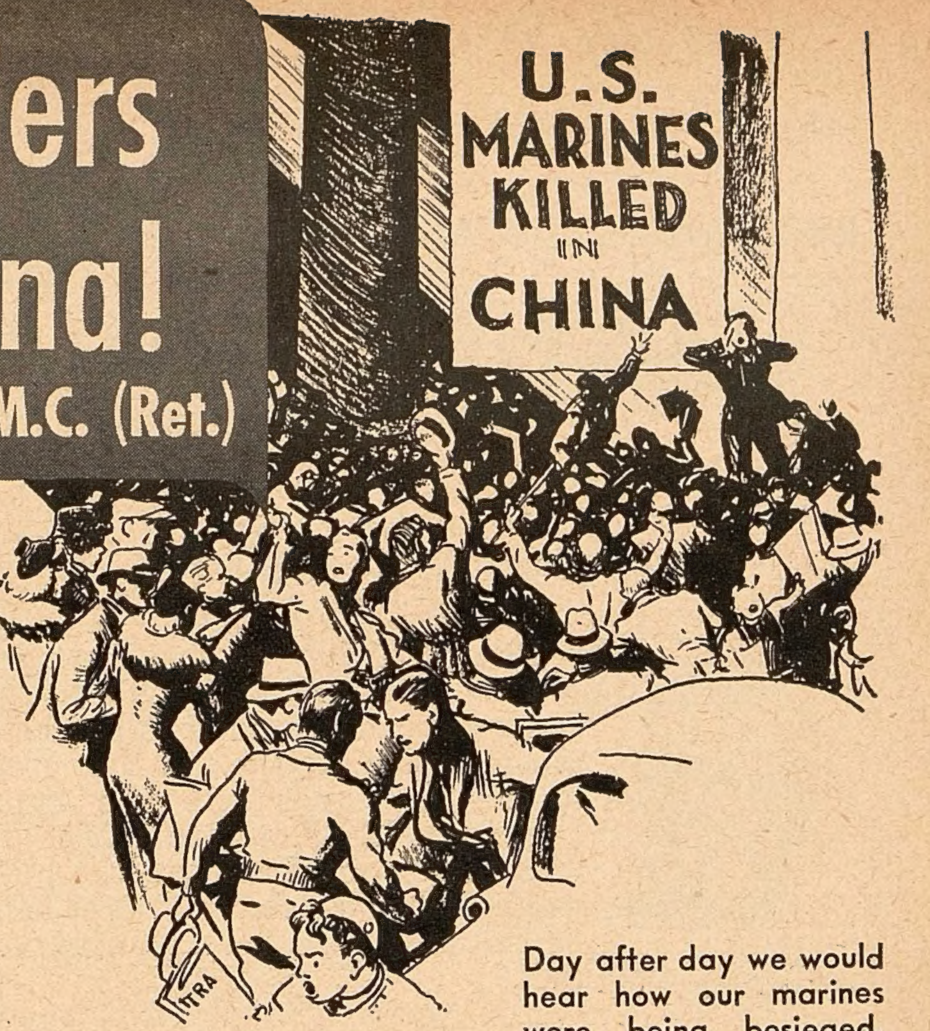
Bring Our Soldiers Home from China!

By Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, U.S.M.C. (Ret.)

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS


U.S. MARINES KILLED IN CHINA
EXTRA

Day after day we would hear how our marines were being besieged.

Do you want to see this country go to war with Japan or China? Do you want to send your sons to get their brains spattered all over Manchuria by Oriental air bombs? If you don't, you had better do something about it—now. Tomorrow may be too late.

Uncle Sam has his nose in the doorjamb in the Far East. By nose I mean five or six thousand American soldiers, marines, and sailors located at various points in the Chinese Republic. These American fighting men are surrounded by milling armies of hundreds of thousands of Chinese and Japanese.

Some day China or Japan may slam the door on this meddlesome nose. Some Japanese or Chinese army is likely to wipe out one of these detachments of American troops. When armies of hundreds of thousands are fighting a war, they can't take time out to play nursemaids to a few hundred foreigners who happen to be in the line of fire. The Americans will simply get it in the neck.

When that happens, you will wake up in the morning to find that we are at war. There can be no other answer. If four or five hundred men in the uniform of the United States are massacred, we will be so mad that we won't stop to consider how much it will cost us or that it was our own fool fault in the beginning.

The only way to play safe is to get American troops out of China before they get us into a bloody and ruinous war that is none of our business. They never had any business there, anyway, according to any law known to God or man, and under present conditions their presence is an eternal menace to American peace. All American detachments in China are in danger of getting caught in the machinery of the war that is raging there, but probably the one in the most dangerous spot is the marine guard at the United States Legation in Peiping.

There are about five hundred of these leathernecks and they are situated about a hundred miles in the interior of North China. The only means of communicating with them is by a single-track railroad. The Chinese and the Japanese have been fighting over that railroad now for several months, sometimes cutting off communications.

Peiping is a strategic city. Both sides would like to have it. The Japanese have driven Chinese armies a good many miles beyond the city's walls. Suppose the Japanese lines should break under the pressure and the Japs should begin a retreat, closely followed by hordes of advancing Chinese. What would happen to Peiping? And what would be left of our five hundred leathernecks of the Peiping legation guard after they had been run over by a hundred and fifty thousand retreating Japanese and half a million or so victory-crazed Chinese?

Probably the first we'd hear would be that the Japanese had burned and destroyed Peiping in their retreat. News would trickle through that the American marines were defending themselves from their fortified legation compound. We'd all be furious with the Japanese.

Then we'd hear that the Chinese had arrived in Peiping. If any marines survived the Japanese retreat, the Chinese would probably start in making things unpleasant for them. Then we'd be mad as thunder at the Chinese.

I don't mean that the commanders of the Japanese or the Chinese armies would order their soldiers to attack our marines. But armies are hard to control after a bad defeat or a big victory, and neither the Japanese nor the Chinese like us very much on general principles.

Day after day we would hear how our five hundred men were being besieged. Blood is thicker than water and the American public isn't yellow. A demand for the relief of our marines would spring up that no government could resist. Then we'd be in a war in the Orient.

So much for Peiping. Tientsin is in the same general area and exposed to much the same risks. At Tientsin there are two battalions of the Fifteenth U. S. Infantry, about a thousand American doughboys. Huge Japanese and Chinese armies have been maneuvering all around it.

At Shanghai there are two regiments of United States marines helping to guard the International Settlement. Some of these have already been wounded by shrapnel and air bombs that strayed from the terrific battle between the Japanese and the Chinese in Chapei, only a few hundred yards from the marine lines.

When the battle for Shanghai was at its height, these marines might have been at any minute wiped out by any sudden collapse in either the Chinese or the Japanese lines. But, at that, their situation was a lot less dangerous than that of the United States fighting men in Peiping or Tientsin, because Shanghai is on a river, and in case of emergency United States warships could probably have taken them aboard.

That is a bird's-eye view of the situation in China, and it is an inexcusable state of affairs. Americans do not want to go to war with Japan or China or anybody else. We want to stay at home and mind our own business.

The only war the United States has any business to get into is a war of self-defense. To hell with running all over the globe to butt into other people's battles. We tried that in 1917. It cost us thousands of lives and billions of dollars, and made us the most unpopular people in the world.

So I say, "Uncle Sam, stay home! Bring your soldiers home from China and take your nose out of the doorjamb! Don't go to war unless somebody tries to come over here to fight; then give him so much hell that nobody else will try that racket for a hundred years!"

THE END

[The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large.
(Signed) S. D. BUTLER.]

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A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF
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Just savor the crisp, deep-flavored *dryness* of this noble whiskey—straight or in a mixed drink—and you'll quickly understand one of the reasons why Paul Jones has been famous as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" ever since it was first brought forth, in 1865!

* * *

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I'LL ARRANGE Everything

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

IT was just before sunrise when Peter Whittelsey arrived at the little airport. The amphibian was out before its hangar, being serviced by three coffee-colored little men in white jumpers, and one of the American pilots was talking to a native official near a clump of palms that rose willowy vague in the gray mist of early morning.

He dropped into the adobe waiting room to have his bags and ticket checked.

The only other prospective passenger was a portly native woman with a baby in her arms. The plane's copilot was lounging in a chair smoking and exchanging Spanish pleasantries with the air-line's local representative.

"You have been to Los Cerritos before, Señor Whittelsey?" said the air-line's man conversationally.

"No," said Pete. "This is my first trip."

"Our so beautiful capital. You will love it, señor. So much cooler than here. Much."

Pete Whittelsey wiped his brow with a handkerchief.

"I hope so," he said fervently.

He took his baggage checks, nodded, and went to the door of the waiting room to watch the fueling operation.

The co-pilot looked at him a moment, then arose and came over to his side.

"You Whittelsey of Dominion Oil?"

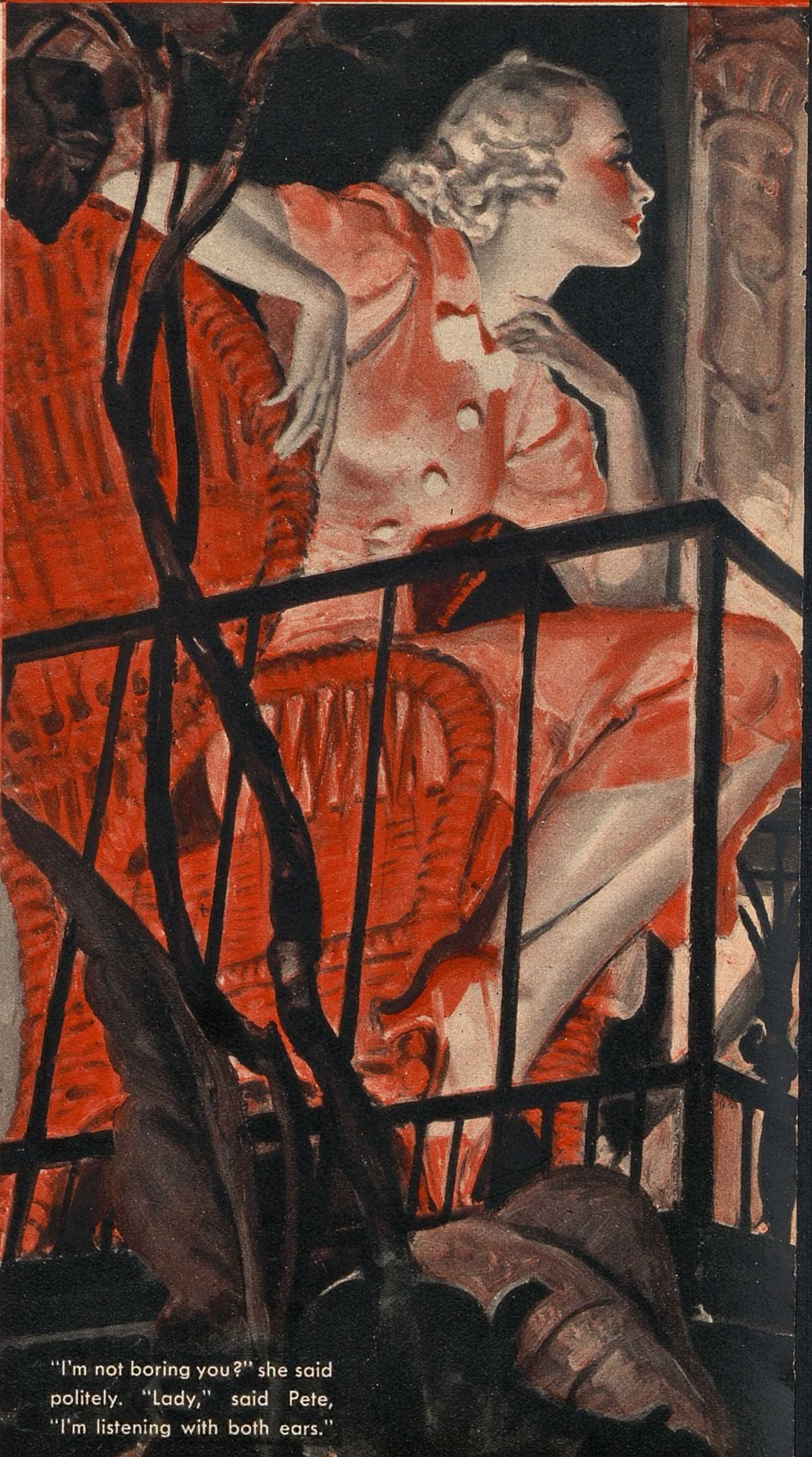
"Well," said Pete, "I work for it."

"Heard of you from a friend of mine," said the pilot. "George Gray. He flew you out of China when that trouble broke loose at Tsin-Lo. Remember him?"

"Remember him?" said Pete. "I should hope so. Both of us squeaking out in a one-lunged airplane and cursing oil leases and war lords. How is George?"

"Same as ever. Down here in South America now, teaching 'em to fly." The pilot surveyed the tall sunburnt young man in tailored white linens. "You down here in Barrows' place?"

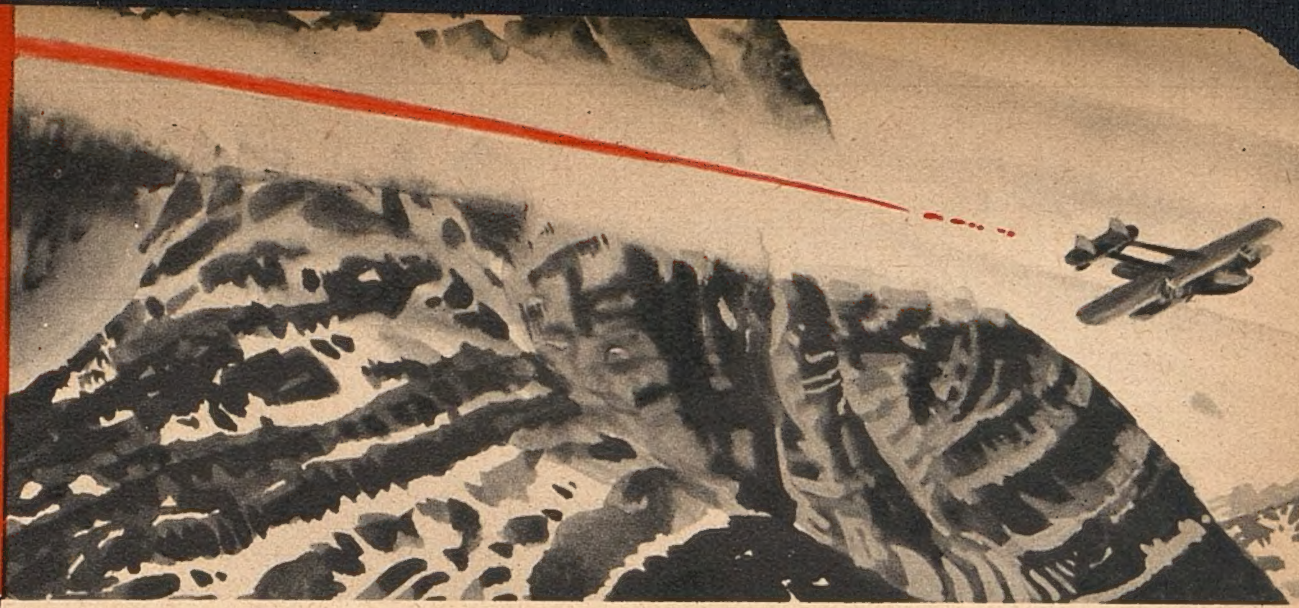
"Not exactly. Just to finish up some of his work."



"I'm not boring you?" she said politely. "Lady," said Pete, "I'm listening with both ears."

ystery . . action . . love!
swift, romantic tale
peril under southern
kies and a daring girl

Y DAVID GARTH



ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN

"Too bad about Barrows," said the pilot regretfully—"crashing in the jungle like that. You know, I can't figure what he was doing there."

"Why," said Pete, "he was on an air jaunt in the private plane of that friend of his—what's his name?—Captain Morillo of the Ministry Defensa Nacional. At least, that's what we heard in New York."

"I don't mean that," said the pilot. "I mean, I can't for the life of me figure what they were doing over that Godforsaken neck of the woods. You crash there, and nobody would find you in a million years. What in thunder they want to fly there for?"

"I don't know," admitted Pete. "But I wish they could be found. Barrows was a smart oilman and a good gent."

"Yeah," agreed the pilot. "And Morillo was a good pilot, for a spig. Oh, well, strange, but there it is."

A bell sounded outside the waiting room. The pilot looked at his wrist watch.

"Time to hit the airways." He grinned at Pete. "Don't you go on any funny flights," he counseled humorously. "Stick to the commercial air lines. We know our business."

He flirted a hand and strode out to the plane. Pete stood there a moment, turning an unlighted cigarette about in his fingers.

Strange! Barrows' crashing just after his astounding cable advising Dominion to pull out of the new Myatez field could conceivably give the accident a queer tinge—if a person wanted to look at it that way.

Well, if there was anything strange, Dominion Oil could not have had a better man on the spot. Mr. Peter Whittelsey was here to get an explanation of that cable, and Mr. Whittelsey was perfectly willing to pick up gauntlets at any old time. In fact, without a gauntlet now and then Pete's life would be empty indeed. He was an assured, aggressive young man and his spectacular handling of oil leases in China with slant-eyed Napoleons running all over the vicinity had made him "Whittelsey of Dominion Oil" at the age of thirty-two.

Another bell sounded. Embarkation for passengers. He tossed the cigarette away and followed the portly native woman toward the plane.

Funny flights, huh? There would be no funny flights for Whittelsey of Dominion Oil.

THE amphibian was facing an inlet of the Spanish Main, ready to roll down the little cement runway, and the full glory of the tropic sunrise was beginning to burst around them.

It was time for contact. But even as the pilot bent toward his switch, a commotion caused him to straighten up abruptly. The air-line's agent was waving his arms like a semaphore and the dispatcher had given the "Hold everything" signal with his flag.

Peering through the window, Pete saw a rickety car careening up before the waiting room and a girl leaping out almost before it skidded to a stop. She jammed some money into the driver's fist, clutched a bouquet of scarlet flowers, and dashed for the plane, skirt swirling about racing slim legs, waving a ticket at the world in general while a porter scrambled along with her baggage.

Pete Whittelsey grinned as she raced along with the air-line's agent striving to take her ticket, like a relay runner. A moment later the hatchway was opened and those good-looking tanned legs in sports oxfords and socks appeared, followed precipitately by their breathless owner.

She was a decidedly attractive girl, standing there, trying to get her breath—a slender blonde girl in cool fresh linen with a gay yellow scarf about her throat.

"Whew!" she gasped.

"Nice going," said Pete companionably.

"Terribly sorry," she said earnestly. "I stopped to pick these flowers and that darned relic of an automobile wouldn't start again."

Then she smiled and sank down opposite Pete Whittelsey just as the propellers began to churn a backlash that caused the palms to bend. In a few moments they were free and clear and winging over the Main for Los Cerritos.

Pete glanced over at the girl. Her hat was off and her curly ash-blonde hair caught the sun in hundreds of little glints, and she was resting oval chin in hand as she looked out on a sea of clouds shot with shafts of sunlight. Pete thought that she was just about as attractive a girl as he had seen in a long while. And, besides, she was an American girl with the dulcet note of Dixie in her voice, and she could run.

At the first stop he exchanged observations with her on the flying weather as they stood on the veranda of the waiting room.

"Been down here long?" he inquired.

"Oh, a couple of months. Up one coast and down the other. Hither and yon. South America is fascinating, don't you think? Just reeks with story material."

"Oh," said Peter Whittelsey, "you're a writer?"

"Press," said the ash-blonde girl casually.

"Huh?" said Pete in surprise. "Press?"

"Free-lance journalist," she amplified.

Pete looked at her keenly. She seemed very young to be dashing around South America as a "free-lance journalist."

The embarkation bell sounded, and it was a good thing too, because Pete Whittelsey was somewhat at a loss for words. Free-lance journalist! He wondered if anybody had been looking after her. Somebody really should.

LOS CERRITOS lay out there yonder below them, patches of white against the deep green of the surrounding Andes with the slender ribbons of roads radiating out in tortuous courses through the lush carpet of vegetation. Yes, and those roads were not all that radiated out from Los Cerritos. Peter Whittelsey knew that. There was an old man in Los Cerritos who had been dying for years, but he still was alarmingly and keenly alive, and his grip went out of Los Cerritos to everything in this country—oil and cattle and mines—to lives and plots and whispers. Dominion Oil had walked softly and gone far. But Dominion Oil had been guided by Barrows, who had been down here so long he had become almost native. Barrows had known how to get information, concessions, protection. He'd had a voice close to the sick old man's ear.

Pull out of Myatez, Barrows had cabled like a bolt from the blue. Lord Almighty, why? There were millions in that rich new field, and Dominion had beaten the English and Dutch in there by a whisker. Pull out of Myatez—

Pete rode up with the girl from the airport below the city. Personally, Pete was not the chattiest companion in the world because there was work ahead for Whittelsey of Dominion Oil and he was already deep in it, with that same concentrated instinct as a pointer in the vicinity of a covey of quail.

But the ash-blonde girl did not mind. She chatted companionably, sitting up straight in her seat, with her hands clasped about one knee, while the car wound along slowly through the passes up to Los Cerritos.

Her name was Laura Rodes and she was a free-lance journalist right enough. Pete discovered that she had worked a couple of years for something called the Bowling Green Press-Argus which, she stated positively, was one of the most progressive little newspapers in Maryland. And then, when she came into a little money, she had promptly lighted out for South America with a whole string of feature articles on dictators and what not in her head, because, as she pointed out reasonably, she could not make much of a dent in the journalistic world writing for the Bowling Green Press-Argus.

"Although," she informed Peter Whittelsey, "the Argus press card proved valuable credentials with our legations and consulates."

Pete regarded her, amused, through the curling blue smoke of his cigarette. The Argus press card, huh? Her best credentials were those dark-lashed aquamarine eyes and the intriguing line of retroussé nose and the limpid appeal in her voice. But the lady obviously had something else too—spontaneous, adventurous zing.

"Sounds much more interesting than the oil business," he smiled.

"Oil business!" she exclaimed suddenly. "By the way, did you know that American oilman who was shot at the Castillo in Los Cerritos recently?"

Pete Whittelsey's cigarette stopped abruptly, poised in mid-air.

"Oilman?" he repeated quickly. "What was that about an oilman?"

"Didn't you know about it?" she inquired. "Why, this American oilman and another man were reported as dead in a plane crash. Plane crash!" scoffed Laura Rodes. "They weren't near a plane. They were shot by a firing squad."

The car was going slowly around a curve between a wall of rock and a sheer drop into a ravine tangled with tropical foliage, and if Pete Whittelsey had been driving, the results might have been disastrous. He stared at her speechless for the moment. A bombshell dropped in his lap would have astounded him far less.

"Great heavens!" he yelled. "Where did you get that?"

The girl nearly jumped. Pete hastily recovered control. He bent forward and took her wrist.

"Sorry," he said swiftly. "I was never so surprised in my life. Miss Rodes, how did you find out about all this?"

"An old priest told me," said the girl, sitting back from Pete Whittelsey a little gingerly. "He had been a chaplain at the Castillo. Would you please let go my wrist?"

"What else did he say?" said Pete tensely. "Everything you can remember, Miss Rodes—" Then he stopped short, his eyes moving quickly to the back of the native driver.

Walk softly around here. The sick old man spent more on espionage than he did on education.

"Wait," said Pete Whittelsey gently. "I'll talk with you at your hotel. Nice view—isn't it?"

Laura looked at him dubiously. He had seemed a rational young man with a nice smile. Now he was most certainly not smiling, in fact, his long lean jaw was taut with a little muscular ridge, and he seemed afraid of a native taxi driver. She hoped he would not become violent.

FROM the balcony of her hotel room they could see the foothills of the Andes ranged in all directions with an imperturbable watchfulness, thick green slopes with here and there a great scarred slide. And from below the balcony came the slow shuffling sound of traffic as the city awoke after the siesta hour.

Laura lounged comfortably in a wicker chair, holding a tall glass of limeade. Pete had knocked off a Scotch, and he had certainly needed it.

"I met him up in Zacarra," said the girl. "You know, that beautiful little mountain resort about fifty miles north of where we took off this morning. I was there, writing my article on Hiepo Guaves—a most interesting man," she said with animation. "He's in exile now, but he isn't through yet, mark my word—"

"The priest," Pete interrupted firmly.

"Oh, yes. Father Antonio. His health had given way and he was up there for rest and recuperation. I fell for him right away," said the girl, smiling. "Gentle white-haired old man with a lovely Old World courtesy and the kindest face. I used to go up to see him at his cottage most every evening, take him a bottle of wine, straighten the cushions in his chair— Well," she went on quickly, with a confused little laugh, "he seemed lonely and there was a sense of sadness about him." She put down the limeade and leaned back, with slim hands clasped behind her blonde head. "I'm not boring you, am I?" she said politely.

"Lady," said Pete Whittelsey, "I'm listening with both ears."

"Thank you. Well, one evening it came out that he had been a chaplain at the big prison in Los Cerritos, El Castillo, for the past five years. Right away I saw what a swell feature story that might make, so I started asking a few questions, and finally he opened up.

"The old padre had a deep horror of the things he had seen. He'd stood a lot for the sake of the comfort he tried to give, but when he heard later that two men he'd seen executed in the courtyard of El Castillo were reported dead in a plane crash, that was too much for him. He felt pretty badly because one of them was a high ranking native officer whom he had known as a little boy. And the other—the oilman, Barrows, was a friend of the officer, so the old priest felt badly about him too."

She paused, sipping her limeade.

"Anything else?" said Pete steadily. "Think hard, please."

The girl knit slim dark brows.

"No," she said, considering, "I don't believe so— Oh, yes! He'd heard confession from the officer, and, while he wouldn't say anything about that, he did say that he thought it a tragedy two men should die because of an old man's greed."

"And?"

"Period," said Laura with finality.

Pete looked at her a moment in silence. Then he got up to take a slow stride up and down the narrow confines of her balcony. Up to a certain point he felt he could trace this. Morillo must have tipped the Dictator's hand to Barrows and both of them had been silenced—in revenge or fear or as a precaution. Risky business—this being in too close with a sick old man's affairs.

He stopped and looked down at the lively young free-lance journalist who had been kind to a tired old padre.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for telling me this," he said. "Thank you a hell of a lot, Miss Rodes." He smiled at her. "I'll take it on from here."

Laura sat up attentively.

"Oh, is there more?" she exclaimed.

"Yeah," said Pete Whittelsey ominously. "There's more."

"Then," said the girl eagerly, "count me in."

"I'm sorry," said Pete. "This job is a little beyond you."

"Kindly stop thumping your chest," she requested. "If it's a story, I'm going to be in on it; and it must be a red-hot story because you evidently were startled out of your skin. Don't forget I'm a newspaperwoman."

Pete smiled kindly upon her. Nice kid, this ash-blonde girl. Little ingenuous, but nice kid.

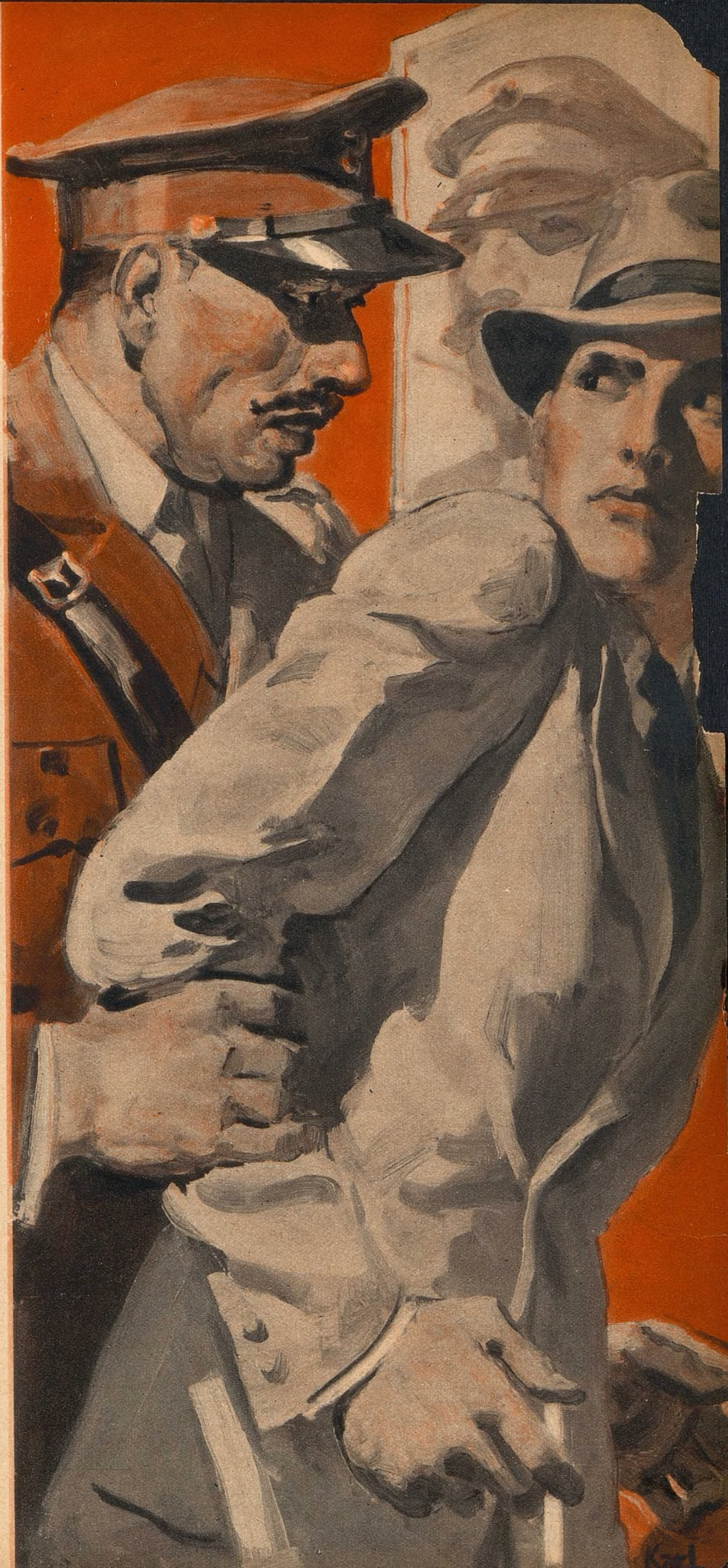
"Some day I hope you'll be the greatest newspaperwoman in the whole world," he told her. "You probably will be if you don't get yourself in some awful jam. But right now the best thing is to forget what you've heard and take the next plane out."

"Listen to him!" Laura requested the world at large. "Why, he hasn't a chance!"

Pete became somewhat impatient. He liked her fine, and he was eternally grateful for her information, but he hoped she was not going to be troublesome.

"Now understand this, please," he directed firmly, looking down at her from his tall height: "We're not practicing a course in journalism and we're not acting in a movie, either. This is damned serious business, Miss Rodes. I have to discover what is being put over on Dominion Oil, and then I have to get out of here alive. It'll be ticklish enough," he stated, "taking care of myself, without taking care of you too."

"Oh, that's all right," she said brightly. "We'll take care of each



Pete whirled. A member of the policia had an ominous grip on his shoulder.

other. Partners. What will we do first—go to the American Legation?"

"No," said Pete. "We will not go to the American Legation. That would not bring Barrows back to life. It would only warn certain people that the cat's out of the bag. And we wouldn't be able to prove it. As soon as it became established that some old padre is your only corroboration—well, I don't know what would happen to some old padre. We will—" He stopped and frowned. "Where do I get this 'we' stuff?" he wanted to know. "There's nothing 'we' about it."

Laura rested her chin in hand and smiled at him.

"You wouldn't like me to go to the legation?" she suggested delicately. "I'm sure they'd be interested—"

DAVID GARTH

still in his twenties, has written four novels and numerous short stories and novelettes. He travels widely to get material and has even poked his nose in a few revolutions for the sake of experience. A native of St. Louis, he went to Williams College, and now lives on a Connecticut farm.

"After what I've told you, that would be treachery—downright treachery."

"What you're doing to me," she returned decisively, "is larceny. Robbing a newspaperwoman of her own story—"

Pete Whittelsey ran a hand over his hair, harassed.

"Newspaperwoman," he grunted. "You and that what's-it Press-Argus." He made another effort, a mighty one. "Look," he urged earnestly. "It's not a question of a story primarily. It's a question of millions of dollars to one of the great oil companies of the world, of a radical change in policy, of my own good health when I get to poking around. Stay safely out of this and I promise you exclusive. I'll promise you anything."

"The trouble with you," the girl commented, shaking her sunny head, "is that you don't know what a help I can be. You have the press with you now."

Pete regarded her in silence for a moment. He had not known this girl very long, and yet it was surprising how well he seemed to know her. She was appealing and youthful and dulcet, but there was an unmistakable strain of self-will in her. She had to be handled adroitly.

"I imagine," he commented, "that you were the kind of child who was always tagging after her big brother instead of staying home and—er—minding her own business."

The lovely Miss Rodes bestowed on him an amused sidelong glance.

"Are you offering to be a big brother to me?" she inquired. "I can never become romantic about you that way, you know."

"That," said Pete, "would be all for the best."

HE went into action that same afternoon by conferring with John Perry, who had been second in command to Barrows down here. Perry was distinctly uneasy.

"I can't for the life of me figure what Barrows got wind of, but," he said fervently, "it's got me so my hand shakes and I see specks in front of my eyes and punch my pillow all night long."

"Didn't Barrows give you even an inkling?" demanded Pete.

"Barrows played a deep political game on the side," said Perry. "And as far as Dominion was concerned he played a lone hand. We got the benefits but never saw behind the scenes."

"This Morillo?" said Pete tentatively.

"Big shot," said Perry promptly. "Good family, educated in the United States and Spain, close connections with high ranking official life here. His friendship with Barrows was a bonanza for us."

"They fly together often?"

"Oh, every now and then. Morillo was an expert pilot. Learned to fly in the States."

Well, all in all, that wasn't very much. Whittelsey of Dominion Oil recognized a problem here that was a genuine twister. All he knew was that Barrows had mixed oil and politics—and somehow gotten into the old Dictator's hair.

He returned to the hotel and decided to take Laura to dinner. Might escort her around Los Cerritos this first night too. After all, a few courtesies were the least he owed her, and, besides, he still could not yet imagine her dashing around these South American cities alone. The luck that sometimes guards the innocent, that's what she must have had.

He stopped before the door of her room and rapped politely. There was no answer. He gave the door an aggressive Whittelsey knock, and still there was but echo. Laura Rodes was evidently no believer in kicking around hotels. When he arrived at his own room he found the reason. There was a note for him in distinctive feminine handwriting:

Dear Pard Peter:

I went over to the legation to see about getting an interview arranged with the Dictator, and found the chargé d'affaires and a Mr. Thorpe of some British oil concern having tea together. So I had tea with them, and now they're taking me out to dinner and dancing at the International Club. That's very nice of them, don't you think?

Remember if you solve this business before I get back you promised me exclusive.

LITTLE SISTER.

PETE frowned slightly. Not that he gave a hoot about her social affairs, but if she opened her mouth about Barrows, if she so much as peeped!

The thought made him restless. He passed up dinner for the time being to sally forth into the city for a mind-clearing walk.

An old woman sitting on a street corner tried to interest him in a sheaf of lottery tickets. Pete passed on by and stopped near one of the city's plazas. People were strolling arm in arm, and from the bandstand came the evening serenade of enticing Latin music.

He stuck a cigarette into the corner of his thin mouth as he contemplated the scene and absently struck a match across the wall at his side.

The match failed to light.

He started to repeat the act and suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder. Pete whirled around.

A member of the *policia* in his brown uniform, Sam Browne belt, and silver stars not only had an ominous grip on his shoulder but was chattering smoking Spanish at him in a most unfriendly manner.

"What," demanded Pete, crisply, "is the matter with you?"

The *agente de policia* jerked his head violently toward the wall. Pete turned around mystified. There was a poster on the wall, a poster with a lengthy pronunciamento and headed by a picture of a stern-looking old man with dark eyes under bushy white brows and a pair of sweeping white mustaches. The visage was marred by a scratchy line from one ear across the nose and running up over the other eye. Pete recognized the picture of the Dictator, but so what? Was he supposed to salaam or something?

The *agente* snatched the unlighted match out of his fingers, made a sweeping striking gesture, and then held it up like priceless evidence. Pete understood abruptly. He had inadvertently scratched a match right across the face of the Dictator.

"Oh," he said hastily, "I'm sorry. I did not look—"

The *agente* tightened his grip on Pete's shoulder and urged him along.

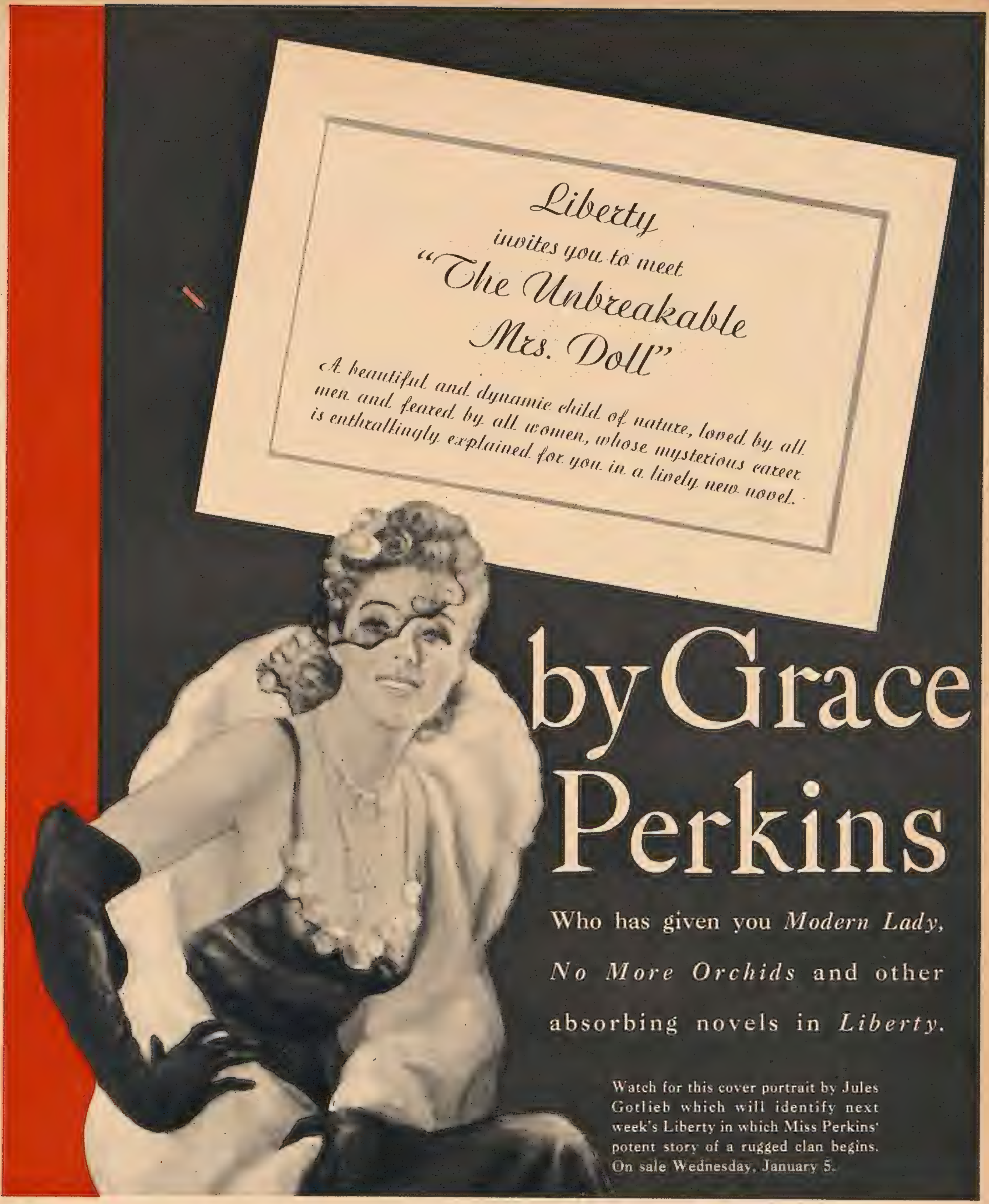
Pete shrugged his shoulders so violently the little policeman was nearly swung off his feet.

"You mean you're arresting me for that?" he thundered. "Why, you officious little monkey—"

The *agente* glanced at the explosive young man and immediately blew a little silver whistle. Pete went along with an escort of three to the Carcel Municipale.

He was intensely disgusted. His very first night in Los Cerritos and he had to go and land in jail for striking a match across the Dictator's puss.

In next week's final installment Laura hatches a bright idea, Pete lands in a tough spot, and the cockeyed adventure ends in a whirl of excitement. Don't miss it!



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Watch for this cover portrait by Jules Gotlieb which will identify next week's Liberty in which Miss Perkins' potent story of a rugged clan begins. On sale Wednesday, January 5.

In This Same Great Issue—

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS, who can capture the pathos and shadows of life as accurately as she reflects its brighter moments, tells you about

THE SECRET SORROWS OF THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

Is she really happy now that she is with the man she loves? What goes on behind the scenes? What of the anonymous abuse by letter? The snubs and sneers? This series of articles explaining a history-making woman will hold your interest through every poignant word. Be sure to start it Wednesday, January 5.

Liberty

THE TRAGIC PILGRIMAGE OF MISCHA AUER

BY MIRIAM STILLWELL

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MISCHA AUER will sail quietly from New York in the spring on a strange and tragic pilgrimage. With him will go his American-born wife. Auer has tried hard to keep his quest a secret.

He is going to a secluded Greek Catholic cemetery among the gnarled olive trees overlooking Istanbul, the historic city of Constantinople. There he will seek an unmarked grave very dear to him. The grave he hopes to find is that of his mother.

Mischa Auer was just fifteen when his mother's body was taken to the cemetery in a peasant's cart to be buried. She had died of typhus. Mischa was the only mourner, a sad, lonely boy orphaned by the Russian revolution, a boy without a country and penniless.

Now a successful movie comedian, he is going back to find his mother's body, if he can. Indeed, just recently he started on this mission. He got as far as Italy, when a frantic cablegram from his studios summoned him back. Sad at his frustrated plan, Auer came home. But he is determined to go back in the spring.

He plans to move the body to a resting place in California, close to him. Many men would forget in success, but not this curiously somber Russian who has become one of America's favorite comedians. Tragedy and comedy always travel close together—and they do in the story of Mischa Auer.

Auer's real name is Michael Simonowich Ounkowskoy. His father, Simon Ounkowskoy, was a commander in the Imperial Russian Navy, who went down with his ship in the closing days of the Russo-Japanese War.

"I was born in St. Petersburg on November 17, 1905," says Mischa Auer in telling his strange story. "When I was four I was legally adopted by my grandfather, Leopold Auer, the greatest of all teachers of the violin. I was the first boy in the family and so I was selected to carry on the name of Auer.

"I studied the violin but did rather badly at it. That, too, in spite of the fact that such violinists as Efram Zimbalist, Mischa Elman, Jascha Heifetz, and Toscha Seidel were pupils of my grandfather.

"I always had a desire to be an actor. I hung around backstage at all the St. Petersburg theaters."

Then, in 1918, came the Russian revolution.

"The new Russian government decided to take four hundred boys, not necessarily aristocrats but of what they called the intelligentsia," explains Auer. "These boys were to be shipped into Siberia, away from the influence of the bourgeois system of their own parents, there to learn to be pure Communists.

"We were packed on a train, all of us frightened and lonesome, and unloaded in a small Siberian village. It was typical of the Russian disorganization of the time that nothing was prepared for us. There were no houses, no food. The village people tried to feed us, but the best meals we got were stews made of rotten potatoes.

"One boy decided to go out with a gunny sack on his shoulder and beg food from farmhouse to farmhouse. We thought it very undignified. However, when he returned that night with a bag of good food, we took up his idea and started out for ourselves the next day. After the near-by farms were sucked dry by us, we organized into larger bands and went farther and farther into the country. It finally got so that at sight of us windows were barred and doors locked.

"At that time the Reds and the Whites were at civil war. The Red army came through the section where we were. But we bested them too; begged money from the soldiers, equipment, shoes, coats, anything that we could get. After some months of this we were shipped back to our parents in St. Petersburg."

Life moved placidly for Mischa Auer for almost a year, if you can consider life in a revolution-torn city placid. "Then the agents of the secret police, the Ogpu, came across a list of names of an old Red Cross committee," says Auer. "Unfortunately the list was headed by a grand duke. The Ogpu immediately decided that all the names on the list were those of dangerous political foes. They started rounding up the unlucky committee members and shooting them. My mother's name was on the list. With a two hours' start, we escaped from St. Petersburg with a few precious possessions. We worked our way south to the Black Sea. Food was plentiful, there was freedom, and it seemed that the Red terror would soon be wiped out. But it didn't happen that way. The Reds held on—and won. While evacuating still farther south, all our belongings were stolen.

"At this time the Allies were helping the White armies in their struggle against Communism. I joined the British military mission as a messenger boy. In the last days of the war I saw action with the British troops against the Reds. At the last moment, being under the protection of the British flag, we were evacuated by the English at Constantinople. The British, French, and Italians were taking care of the Russian refugees, housing them in the old summer palaces of the Turkish pashas.

"Sanitary conditions were dreadful and a typhus epidemic broke out. My mother organized a hospital with the aid of the British. Two weeks later she contracted typhus and died."

A penniless boy in a strange land, Mischa did not know which way to turn. "You can imagine how lost I was and how bitter I felt. My world was blotted out. I couldn't remember the names of friends who might be in Paris or London or Berlin. However, I did remember that an old friend of the family, a young woman, had married a famous Italian lawyer and had settled in Florence, Italy, in 1912. But I couldn't remember the lawyer's name.

"However, I took a chance. It was the only way I knew

Stranger than fiction . . . The poignant real-life story of a Hollywood comedian of getting to my grandfather, then somewhere in America on concert tour. I sold two or three rings I had kept, along with a fur coat, and made my way to Florence. A sympathetic city hall official got out all the registration passport books and helped me find the woman I was looking for. To my delight she remembered me well, and, better still, she knew the address of my grandfather. The rest was easy. I cabled him and he sent me money for my trip to the new land.

" Then I was sent to school. It was the Ethical Culture School, founded by Felix Adler. Due to malnutrition, I was less than five feet tall when I arrived. Now I'm six feet two. I owe a lot more than physical development to that school, because you can imagine what a psychological as well as philosophical mess I was after going through what I had. Not doing my algebra homework didn't seem at all important. I had seen a nation die; I had come through famine and war; the person dearest to me was buried in a lonely Constantinople cemetery. However, with great patience, they brought me back to normalcy. I became a seventeen-year-old American boy.

" As I became normal I wanted to go on the stage more than ever. Or is that normal? In my last year at school I acted in a lot of school plays. I also experimented with make-up and took pictures of myself with a kodak, operating the lens with a piece of string."

Mischa managed to get an appointment with Dudley Digges, then director of the Actors' Theater. Digges was casting a production of Ibsen's Wild Duck. He was not much interested in the strange Russian boy until Mischa showed him the kodak snapshots of himself in make-up. Digges burst into laughter—and hired the boy. Mischa was an extra, an old man, in the first-act banquet scene.

" Maybe I didn't go to town with that bit," says Auer. "Every night I used a different make-up. Every night Tom Powers, the leading man, would look across the table and see a different man sitting there. He'd almost blow up in his lines, and it helped some when an actor left the cast and I got the part. When the play closed, Digges gave me another job, this time in Schnitzler's Hall of Life. I was assistant stage manager, the voice behind the door, a shadow on the window, sound effects of an army going somewhere--but I never got on the stage. Eventually in New York I met Bertha Kalich, who gave me the leading juvenile part in Sudermann's Magda. Incidentally, that was John Barrymore's first role.

" I toured the country with Miss Kalich for two years and finally landed in Hollywood. I decided that the movies would be a better field for a beginner. But my troubles began right there. It was the end of 1927. I couldn't even get extra work. Once I was fired out of a Russian picture because I didn't look Russian.

" Eventually I met Frank Tuttle, the director, who gave me a small part in a picture. For two years the only time I worked was in Tuttle pictures. It got to be a joke on the Paramount lot. But the talkies came along and Tuttle gave me a good little part in The Vincent Murder Case, with William Powell. Then David Butler gave me a job in Just Imagine. In it I was a mysterious guy, and that picture started me off working everywhere, but always as a villain with a frightful make-up.

" Last year Eric Hatch, author of My Man Godfrey, suggested me to Gregory La Cava, whom I had known for a long time. Gregory, breaking all the rules, gave me a comedy part. He had met me exactly seven years before at a party where I was hanging from a rafter doing my gorilla act. He remembered that and said, ' We'll put it in the picture.' I protested. I said it wouldn't be funny. But you know what happened. That monkey imitation established me as a comedian. I put an olive in each side of my mouth to get a simian appearance, and those olives did more for me than all the years I put in studying to be an actor."

In his early Hollywood days Auer had a small jazz orchestra, and played at hotels while he tried to break into the films. Once Bill Powell made a guest-of-honor appearance for him at a hotel, thereby saving his job.

Auer's wife is a nonprofessional whose name was Norma Tillmann. She is American born, was educated in Toronto. The Auers have one son, Anthony, aged three.

A smile, they say, is close to a tear. Charlie Chaplin has comic genius because he knows the bitterness of life. He saw the sordid, grimy inside of a workhouse when he was a child. Mischa Auer learned of life as he marched the Siberian countryside with an army of hungry lost boys.

And he has not forgotten the mother who gave her life trying to aid her fellow men. When next you see Mischa Auer in his amusing film antics, think of his tragic quest in a strange Turkish cemetery. Hollywood glories are but little when you can't forget.

THE END

Auer sits in a painful spot in his new picture, Merry-Go-Round of 1938.

The monkey act in My Man Godfrey changed a movie villain into a comedian.

st, and his secret journey across the world to search for his mother's grave

ROSE BOWL MUTINY

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE other figures in moleskin and jersey picked themselves up and moved back, but Win Brattan continued to sit on the turf where he had been spilled with ease by a second-string end. The Rose Bowl, empty and echoing, towered high about him.

"You going to sit there all day?" a voice said coldly. "A little practice won't hurt you."

Looking up, he saw Captain Howdy Wilkins, loose and lank, above him.

"For what?" Win Brattan said, without moving.

"Maybe you hadn't heard." The captain's sarcasm was elephantine. "We're supposed to play a little game of football here on January 1. We're representing the West against Eastern University. Remember Eastern? That's the team Jeff Wingerd plays on."

Win got up in sections—tall, heavy-shouldered, thick blond hair shining in the sunlight.

The sweat dripped into Howdy's eyes and he wiped it away with a grimy forearm. "Doc said—" he began.

"You mean the old fox of football, Doc Hennessey, the slave driver?" said Brat. "Between you and me, Howdy old bean, you'd be surprised how cold that leaves me."

Howdy watched him go, panic written on his face. The squad of forty men watched him go.

The Brat had walked off the field in the middle of practice three days before the toughest game they'd ever faced, against the sensational undefeated Eastern eleven, already two-to-one favorites in the betting.

They looked covertly toward the bench. If Doc Hennessey was aware of the tall figure with the helmet swinging defiantly in one hand, he gave no sign.

But it was mutiny. They knew it. Doc must know.

He did. It was no part of Doc's scheme of things to lose to Eastern and that slick young whippersnapper Lawson Baynes. He had spoken about Baynes and his coaching methods and his Boston accent with unflattering frankness. The words would make exceedingly bitter eating. Without the Brat, and the Brat at his best, he would certainly have to eat them publicly.

The whole team was loaded with dynamite, and the Brat, who sparked 'em to victory, might doggone well spark them to mutiny and defeat.

Something, Doc thought, would have to be done! . . .

A gridiron crisis, a Hollywood glamour-girl—and thrills! . . . Here's the most exciting football story of the year

When he got back to the Huntington after the ragged, dogged practice, Max Borden, sports editor of the San Francisco Globe, was parked in his best chair, a highball in his hand. That was how it happened that the following day both Doc Hennessey and Win Brattan met Betty Angell for the first time.

BETTY ANGELL sat on one corner of the publicity director's desk. In a blue wool dress and a round blue hat, with silver fox draped about her slim shoulders, she had a fair young radiance.

"Look, precious," the publicity director said. "The Northern California football team is coming over this morning to make a little tour of our fair studios. They're playing in the Rose Bowl New Year's Day. Max Borden of the San Francisco Globe, who's an old buddy of mine, is bringing 'em over, and they're hot news until after January 1, so I want to get some pictures of you with them, especially this guy Win Brattan they call the Brat."

"He's marvelous," said Betty Angell. "I'd give anything to meet him. He's been my football yen for two years. You're a lamb!"

"In wolf's clothing, I hope," said the publicity director. "Well, you can go round the studio with us and we'll take him to lunch in the commissary, but don't get him too steamed up, because I got sixty bucks on Eastern."

"Maybe he'd like to come to my New Year's Eve party," Betty said softly. "If he's not in training or something. Anyway, I'll ask him. And if you want to bet another sixty bucks I'll take it, because I think Cal'll murder that Eastern team."

Win Brattan had heard a lot about Betty Angell and seen her often on the screen. But he was surprised to find that she was a lot prettier off the screen—her eyes were almost the color of topaz and there was a dusky rose along her cheeks—and then, when she stood beside him to be photographed, she was so little, and when she looked up at him and invited him to her party at the Trocadero on New Year's Eve she was almost shy, which you didn't expect from a movie actress.

LEANING against the desk of the Huntington Hotel, Max Borden of the San Francisco Globe cocked one wise and slightly bloodshot eye—though he covered Northern California's football team from September 15 on, he didn't consider it obligatory to go into training with them—and decided that something was going on which it was his business to know.

The stately lobby, Mr. Borden realized, was altogether too quiet, with the game only two days away. In spite of the visit to Hollywood, the Northern California team filed out of the dining room in nervous silence and was immediately swallowed by the elevators. And Win Brattan had been missing from dinner.

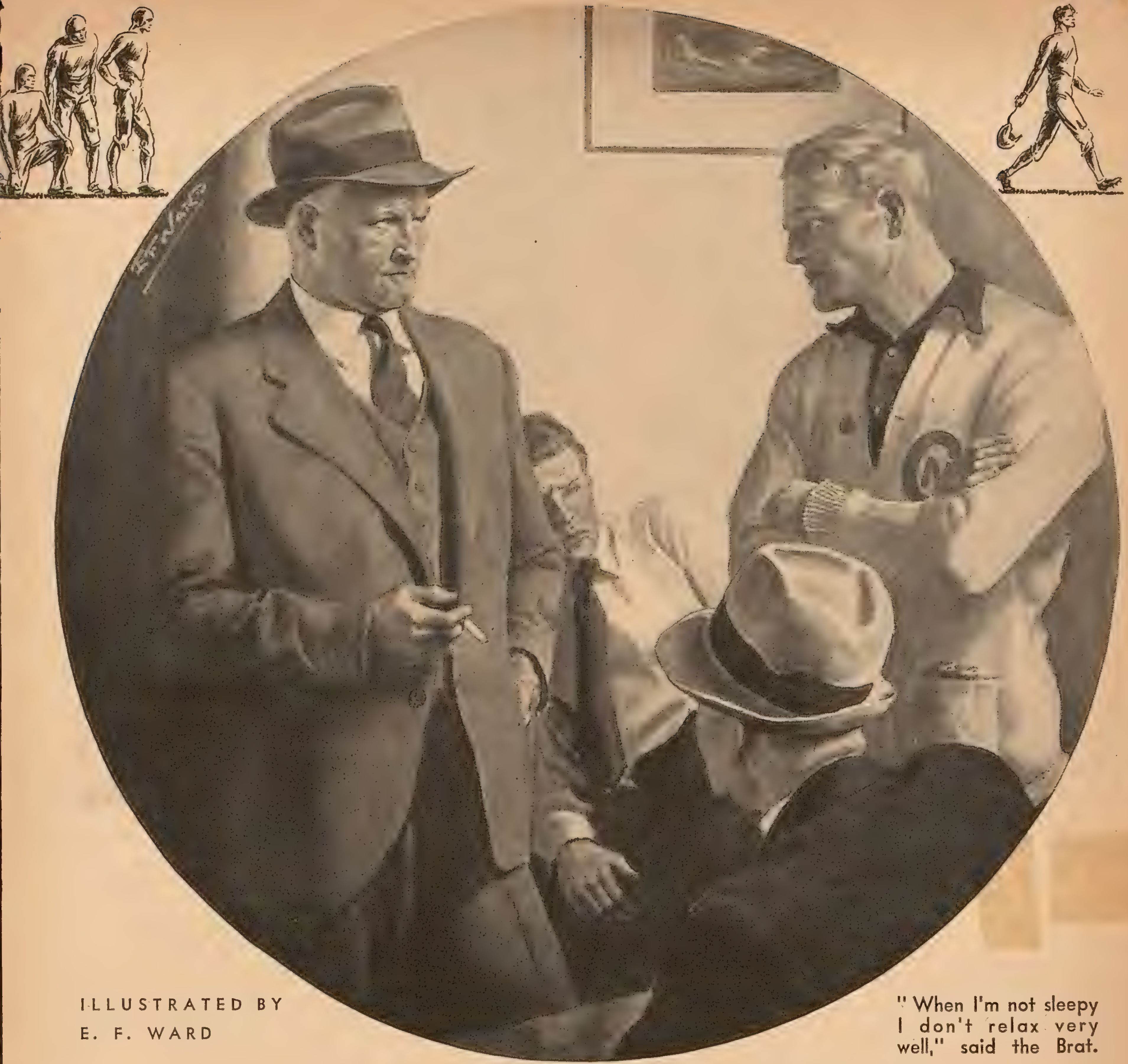
It might be a good idea to locate the Brat, who was always news and never more so.

As a matter of fact, at that moment Win Brattan lay full length upon one of the twin beds in the room he shared with Howdy Wilkins. A spiral of smoke curled about his head and melted from sight, leaving only a delicate aroma.

"If Doc catches you at that," Howdy said, "he'll throw you out the window."

"Suits me," said the Brat.

Howdy seemed to gather himself. "You been a nuisance ever since you walked out on the freshman field four years ago," he said, "but I never thought you were a quitter. In two days, day after tomorrow, we got the biggest game of our lives coming up. You play like a washwoman and you break training, and you don't act like you've got any respect for yourself or me or Northern



ILLUSTRATED BY
E. F. WARD

"When I'm not sleepy I don't relax very well," said the Brat.

California or anything else but that movie dame you been talking to on the phone for an hour instead of eating your dinner. What's eating you, Brat?"

There was a knock. Howdy stiffened, eyes on the cigarette. The Brat blew rings with more defiance than skill. Ogradowski, 218 pounds at center, O'Hara, the sophomore end who'd been a sensation all season, and Ruthie Rutherford, whose name spelled the best tackle on the Coast in the sports pages and millions in the financial section, came in. Those three! Howdy thought. They'll make him worse.

Brat said, "You're in time for a lecture by old Captain Sour-Puss."

We won't get anywhere if I get sore, Howdy told himself.

"I'd like to win this game," he said grimly. "We've taken a lot of ribbing from the papers. That fresh guy coaches Eastern, that Lawson Baynes, says he'll lick us by three touchdowns."

"Suppose they do and suppose they don't," said Win Brattan. "It's not much in my young life. Did I want to play in the Rose Bowl this year? Did anybody?"

"Well," said Howdy slowly, "maybe some of the fellows— But now we're in it—"

Brattan was up, moving back and forth across the room.

"'Northern California battling for Rose Bowl bid,'" he quoted early-season headlines with venom. "Did anybody ask *us* if we wanted to play in the Rose Bowl again this year?"

Ogradowski said, "It makes the season too darn long."

"It sure hasn't helped me any with that sophomore curriculum they dish out," O'Hara said. "I can't get anywhere practicing all afternoon and having to go to bed at ten."

Young Rutherford, chair tilted against the wall, kept his air of aloofness. "It cuts into your vacation," he remarked.

"Gentlemen," said the Brat, "you are speaking treason. We're just the team. We're the buck privates and the higher-ups don't ask us whether we want a war or not. We start training in June—all summer no wine, no women, and very little song. On September 15 we report for practice. They hand us a schedule that puts a permanent wave in your teeth, and for two months we eat, breathe, and sleep football. I get the hell kicked out of me every Saturday and about a million guys romp on my bum knee and one of those St. Mary's tackles tries to knock my brains out, but loyal Northern California alumni rejoice because it's only a 'slight concussion'; and in the Depew game that smart end of theirs twists my right elbow back till it touches my left ear, and now I'm learning to eat with my left hand. O. K. by me. We have fun. That's college football. We point for the big game with Stanford and serve Stanford up on toast. Then what happens? The Rose Bowl!"

Eph Saltz and Sielwig had come in and stood leaning a combined four hundred pounds against the wall. Wig said simply, "I don't seem to have much pep, at that."

"Pep?" said Win Brattan. "What's that? What happens to every team that plays in the Rose Bowl that's always full of upsets pretty nearly every New Year's Day? Did Washington look like the team that beat us, when they got in there against Pitt? Did Stanford look like the team we played when they got licked by Columbia? Sure, it's a grand lark for those Eastern and Southern teams: getting a free trip to California that they'd probably never see any other way, taking a look at Hollywood, being petted and pampered all over the place. Although at that, if you'll notice, the boys around the rest of the country are beginning to get wise too. A lot of them don't want any part of the Rose Bowl, either. It's no treat to us. What's it mean to us? Six weeks more practice after it starts raining and the field's a mud puddle. Six weeks more in the chain gang with Doc cracking the whip. Six weeks of going nuts with the profs on our necks and exams hanging over our heads. For what? A lousy off-schedule game and a couple more write-ups in the papers."

He noticed Max Borden for the first time.

"This is off the record," he said, "and it better be!"

"Sure," said Max.

But he felt very sick. He loved the Rose Bowl game. It was his big moment. He met all the big-shot sports writers from the East and he knew a lot of things they didn't know about the Western team. He sat around their rooms at the Vista or here at the Huntington and enjoyed their brilliant talk and companionship. When his team won, he kidded them plenty. Especially when they were so cocksure, the way they were this year. He bet a mortgage on his salary for six months. This year it was particularly important.

He'd christened Win "the Brat"; he'd written his heart out to boom him into notice for All-America. Max was fat now and going a bit bald, and even when he was at Northern California he'd been too slow to play football, but a lot of his dreams came true in the men of N. C. he'd written to fame. Of them all he loved the Brat best.

I CAN see your side," he said slowly, "but it looks to me like it's too late now to do anything about it. You're in for it and you've got to go out there and win."

"I sort of missed getting home for Christmas," Eph Saltz said.

"It was a lovely Christmas, wasn't it?" said the Brat pleasantly. "Cooped up in that beastly country club listening to Doc talk about football plays. Oh, lovely! And that's what we're supposed to do New Year's Eve."

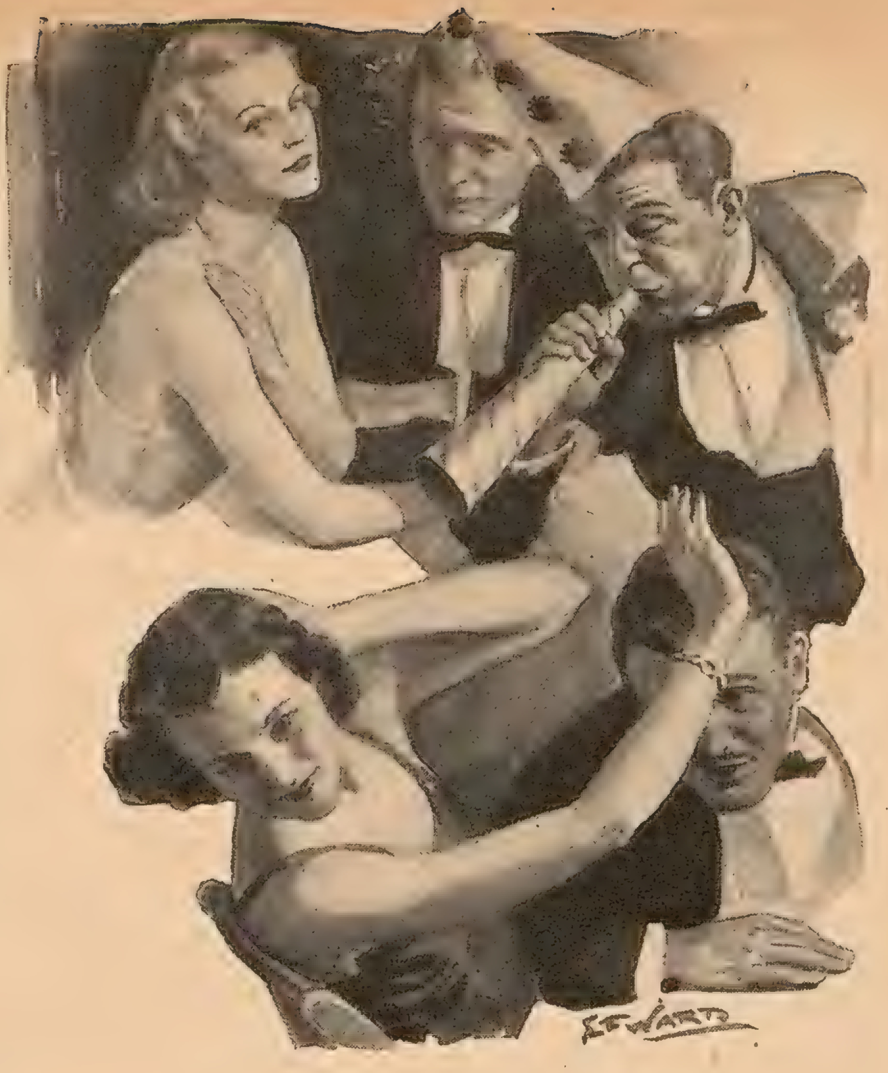
Wig said wistfully, "Back home in Petaluma we didn't have much real New Year's Eve. I sure thought when I got to the city I'd have me a time New Year's Eve. First year I had tonsillitis and last year and this year—"

"You had the Rose Bowl," said the Brat. "For what?"

"Cute little gold footballs to wear on our watch chains if we had watch chains," said Ruthie.

"For what?" the Brat shouted. "So Doc Hennessey can have two Rose Bowl teams in a row. So Northern California can have a lot of bright shiny dollars. Plenty of 'em. So 85,000 people that went out and tore up the town New Year's Eve can bring their hang-overs out to the Rose Bowl and let us entertain 'em when half of 'em can't even see the game."

His voice cracked, and Howdy jumped. The Brat was always like a caged tiger ready to bite your head off before a big game, but Howdy never remembered hearing the raw nerves scream through his voice like that. It had been a long season and the Brat had borne the brunt of it, and his knee gave him plenty of hell, at that.



He got up courage enough to fall in love with Betty.

Max said, "I'm not arguing about that, Brat. But it's too late. You can't let Howdy down. It's his team. And I've put a lot of things about you and the team in print and you can't make a sucker out of me—"

"I'm not going to be a sucker, either," the Brat said, hot and sullen. "I'll play. I've got to. It'll probably be like the pilot who cracks up when he says it's his last flight—Jeff Wingerd or that big tackle Martinelli'll probably take my knee off and hit me over the head with it. Only, if we lose it won't be the first football game anybody ever lost, and from now until then I'll do as I damn please, and if anybody in Hollywood steps higher than I do New Year's Eve it won't be because I'm not trying."

There had been no knock, but Doc Hennessey stood in the doorway. "It's about time you boys got some sleep," Doc said in a totally expressionless voice.

His eyes were on the Brat.

"I'm not sleepy," Win Brattan said coldly.

"Maybe not," said Doc; "but you better relax and get some rest."

"When I'm not sleepy I don't relax very well," said the Brat.

The big man in the doorway looked at the others. They went out—O'Hara defiant, flushed with the fire of revolt he had caught from his idol; Ogradowski sullen; Rutherford still aloof; Wig still a little wistful.

Howdy Wilkins found a film of sweat on his forehead. He loved the Brat for tough shoulder-to-shoulder battles over four years, for the spark that was in him. And Howdy loved the Rose Bowl game, too. It stood to him for all the things it was supposed to stand for—the clash of East and West, the high point of the year, supremacy. In the year of his captaincy he wanted to win it. Desperately.

He knew suddenly that they all did—all three of them now facing the young mutineer in his gold sweater. Doc—Doc was getting old. He was pitting his boys, his reputation, his methods against the new young fresh Eastern coach. It meant a lot to him to win. To Max, who lived by words, who wanted to see his words justified, who had done so much for the Brat and for N. C. And to Howdy himself, because ever since he first kicked a football on the sand lots of San Jose he had wanted very much to be captain of a Western team in the Rose Bowl.

The moment sizzled like a fuse.

Max Borden smothered it with words. Doc had a lot of respect for Max; Max was important to him. He went out, listening.

But the fuse smoldered; and when on New Year's Eve Doc made his rounds and found Win Brattan missing, found Howdy Wilkins pacing the floor of their room, white and haggard, Doc flew into a rage beside which all other famous Hennessey rages were mere moods.

"Where is he?" Doc demanded.

Howdy knew perfectly well where he was. That girl. You'd think even a movie actress would have better sense; but maybe, with what she had, she didn't need sense to be a movie actress. For a while Howdy thought the Brat wasn't going. Then the hotel started seething around them. You could hear the music—swing music—throbbing below, and people running up and down the halls, and gay feminine voices. The excitement, the madness, the very spirit of New Year's Eve seemed to seep into the room and fill it with perfume and music. Howdy felt it some himself; and the Brat, grim and reckless, had packed his dinner clothes in a suitcase and walked out.

But to Doc, Howdy said, "I don't know where he is."

Doc said, "He won't play tomorrow. He's dismissed from the team. Get some sleep yourself." His voice was granite with stubborn rage.

Howdy sat and prayed that Max would talk some sense into Doc. Without the Brat, young Coach Lawson Baynes of Eastern would make good his boast. Or maybe now it didn't matter. The team was all shot to hell anyhow. Jittery and sullen. They always followed the Brat's lead.

THEY sat together upon a cushioned seat against the wall of the Trocadero, Hollywood's smartest night spot. This, Win Brattan thought, was like an all-star movie of New Year's Eve. The glamour, the lovely clothes, the gaiety, the perfect music, the champagne, and—most incredible of all—Betty Angell, in white with a glittering girdle of sequins about her slim waist, Betty Angell beside him. He had actually seen Joan Crawford, all in red, sitting on a high stool at the bar with Franchot Tone beside her. He had shaken hands with Harpo Marx and actually heard him speak—that would be one to tell the boys—and been introduced to his pretty wife. Out on the floor was Ginger Rogers, in the flesh, dancing around just like any other girl.

He'd danced twice himself, once with Betty and once with somebody's wife, and they hadn't had time to talk. But now the witching hour had passed. It was a New Year; it was the day of the Rose Bowl game; and everything was quieter for a moment.

A lot of people were talking about the Rose Bowl game. This sure was a football crowd, all right. Hardly any of them recognized him and he hadn't met many of them. But at their own table everybody kept asking him questions.

He finished his third glass of champagne and felt glorious. He got up courage enough to fall head over heels in love with Betty Angell. He'd wanted to from the very first moment but somehow he hadn't quite dared.

She looked up at him in that way she had, her head tilted, sort of shyly, and said, "I was awfully surprised when you came tonight. I didn't think you could. I thought maybe that you'd be in training still or something."

"Not me," said the Brat, squaring his famous shoulders, smiling down at her. "Not on New Year's Eve."

"I thought they were awfully strict about things like that," Betty said. "My brother laughed at me when I said I'd asked you. He said you couldn't possibly come. He wants to go to Northern California."

"Play football?" the Brat asked.

"Oh, yes," Betty said. "He plays quarterback on the Hollywood High team. He's nuts about it. He"—her laugh was the laugh of a comrade—"he asked me, if you came, to get your autograph sure. Would you mind?"

"I'd like it," said the Brat. "Then maybe you'd recognize my handwriting if I wrote to you." But a little cold wind had begun to blow about his head.

"He never pays any attention to movie stars," Betty said, lifting one shoulder. "But when I told him I'd met you—for the first time in his life I guess he thought his sister was pretty important."

"Is he going to the game tomorrow?"

"I think," said Betty—"I really think he would expire if anything happened to keep him away. If Cal doesn't win—he'd—we'd all— You know, I've seen you play every time you've been here. I thought, once, I'd go to college myself, but I got in the movies instead, and sometimes I think I missed a lot. It must be a lot of fun. Anyway, I picked Northern California for my team when I—I first saw you play. Maybe you don't know it"—again she paused and looked up at him, and her eyes were warm—"and of course people tonight didn't recognize you in your dinner clothes and after those awful pictures in the papers, but you're—you're an idol in Hollywood yourself."

The Brat's throat closed tight.

"I didn't tell anybody or introduce you to anybody," Betty Angell said, "because I thought, with the game tomorrow, maybe you'd be a little nervous and maybe a little relaxation would do you good, but I didn't think you'd like a lot of fuss. Of course *everybody* in Hollywood goes to the Rose Bowl. It means a lot to be a star out there. You might—it might even mean—you might even come back to Hollywood and get a job in pictures. Not acting; I don't expect you'd like that. But we've got a lot of the boys working as assistant directors and in production and the sound department and—"

"Look," said the Brat. "It's—it's getting pretty late. I think maybe I'd better get back and get some sleep. I've got to play tomorrow and—"

The girl put a small hand on his arm. "Of course," she said. "I didn't expect you could stay very long. I really—I guess I was like my brother; I really hardly expected you'd come. But I thought I'd ask you, because I knew you wouldn't come if it wasn't perfectly all right. Would you do me a big favor?"

"Yes," said Win Brattan with what seemed the last of his breath.

"My brother's outside in my roadster," she said. "He—he just took a chance. He said he'd wait, and if you came he'd like to drive you home. He's rather nice and it would mean—he'd get such a kick out of it."

At the door she gave him both hands.

"Good luck," she said, "and I'll be rooting for you!"

Suddenly he bent down and kissed her, swiftly, a little awkwardly. The kiss fell on her left eyebrow.

"Happy New Year!" he said, and went out and got in the car with her brother, who played football and was coming to the Rose Bowl game to see Win Brattan and Northern California wallop Eastern.

IN his own room at the Huntington he found Howdy waiting, sleepless.

"Doc says you can't play tomorrow," Howdy said. "He says you're dismissed from the team."

The Brat went whiter than he had been even the day he first got his knee smashed.

"I've got to play."

"You've changed your tune a lot," said Howdy—but he was talking to empty air. The Brat had gone as swiftly as he had come.

Doc hadn't gone to bed. Max Borden was with him.

It came tough. It came awful tough. He and Doc hadn't ever been very friendly. But he thought of Betty. Imagine her wanting to go to college. At that, she wasn't as old as lots of college girls; only you never thought of it just that way when you saw her on the screen.

He said, "I'd like you to let me say my piece and—all I can say is, I think I went squirrely. We've had a hard season, Doc. If you'd let me play tomorrow—"

"You've been drinking," Doc said.

"I had three glasses of champagne," the Brat said. "It won't bother me any. I want to play tomorrow worse than I ever wanted to play in my life. I'll—I can play the best game I ever played."

"I doubt it," Doc said.

"I can," the Brat said. "I'm not much good at apologies—but I made a horse's tail of myself. I know it—"

Doc looked at Max Borden. Max didn't say anything but his face was eloquent.

"All right," said Doc. "But if you fumble I'll hang you with my own hands after the game right to your own goal posts."

THEY were in the great bus, on their way to the Rose Bowl.

He was empty from end to end and his head had a band around it—a band of fear. The faces of the other men in the bus looked gray to him, unfamiliar, distorted. Howdy, beside him, was clenching and unclenching his hands, and he saw O'Hara put his hands on his head and knew that he was fighting that awful nausea that sometimes came just before a big game.

They looked at him sidewise. He was the weak spot now. He, Win Brattan. They didn't know what to make of him.

He swallowed something that was keeping him from breathing properly. If it was too late— Maybe it was too late! Nobody knew better than he did how tough it was to get back after you'd let down. This wasn't just the ordinary jitters that went before a game. This was team demoralization. They'd followed him in his mutiny; they'd lost the spirit of the thing; they'd let down. And they hadn't had Betty to put the fire back into them; they couldn't switch in these few minutes, these few hours.

But they had to. He had to make them!

His knees were like paper, out on the field. He couldn't seem to get a breath down into his lungs that satisfied him. This was going to be murder. This was going to be slaughter. Before 85,000 people, jamming every seat in the Rose Bowl. O'Hara leaped at a pass, fumbled it and let it slide through his fingers. Howdy, along the side lines, let loose a punt that shot straight up in the air and came down not twenty yards away. Near him he heard Wig muttering signals under his breath, and knew that the awful stage fright of forgetting signals—and Wig wasn't too strong on signals—had descended upon him.

Then he had the ball in his hands, and something hot and alive ran through his veins and the crisp air filled his lungs and his legs felt sure and strong and fast under him.

His head cleared of the dizziness, the fear. With the touch of that ball in his hands, he gave a shout of laughter, drowned in the roar and hum that was coming from the stands, and saw Ogradowski stare at him as though he thought he had gone crazy.

The Brat was himself again. Somehow he knew it. But could he pull the team back with him? Could he spark them now or was it too late?

A booming roar, the great yell of Northern California from three thousand trained throats, rolled down over the field. Brat's head went up a little to it, as it always did. But he noticed—and he trembled all over—that none of the others responded to it. Wildly, frantically, he ran toward Howdy, to say something. But Howdy was standing in the middle of the field now, with the officials and the captain of the Eastern team, the famed Jeff Wingerd.

Afterward he never could remember much about that first half. Within two minutes he knew they were up against a great team—the greatest they'd ever played. They were, the Brat thought, his eyes glued to the ball as it lay under the center's hands, the best coached team he had ever seen.

"What's that play—what's that play?" O'Hara demanded wildly, in the huddle. "What's that play? What's that play?"

The Brat didn't know yet. It was like a circular interference, that revolved away from you when you checked it, concealing the runner, moving forward five yards—twelve yards—twenty-seven yards, like an unconquerable machine.

It couldn't be checked. Fighting, gasping, breathless, Northern California fought it back for one quarter, and at the beginning of the second quarter it had scored.

Win Brattan saw that Eastern looked fresh, cool, confident. His eyes ran over his teammates. They looked fagged, as though they couldn't last another minute, as though they might drop in their tracks.

Desperately he said, "We've got to block that kick. We've got to. We've got to, I tell you!" He shouted at Wig. "Wig—listen. Open up a hole for me and let me block it." He knew he was sobbing now, and it wasn't only the horrible exhaustion that gripped him.

That was the only thing he remembered clearly. He had blocked the kick, he had leaped through and up and caught it squarely in his stomach, and the pain was glorious.

They went out at the half, six points behind, with their heads down.

He knew he needed the rest, he had to rest, but he couldn't. His mind was clear now. He knew the way to play that team. He didn't listen to Doc. What was the use of all that? Talking about plays and how to stop them and technique and stuff to a team that was licked and sunk and hopeless.

He was on his feet, grimed, dripping, white-lipped.

"They're too damn perfect," he said hoarsely. "They know all the answers. They know how to stop every play, and they're cool enough to do it and to see it coming. They're too smart for us, and they've been working against our plays in practice for six weeks."

It wasn't his place to speak then, and he knew it; but it was his fatal act of mutiny and he gave it everything he had, and the heads began to lift and the eyes began to brighten, and the Brat took every last ounce of everything that was in his heart and gave it to them.

"But there's just one thing they can't lick and one thing they aren't looking for. Sure, they know how to stop our reverses and our laterals and all our smart Hennessey plays. But they don't know how to stop us, and nobody else does, and nobody else *can*. This is our game now. We're playing it—right out there on the field, and I don't give a damn about anybody else in the world and neither do you—and we're going out there and give them the worst dose of good old-fashioned football that they ever saw!"

His face was blazing and he flung an arm around Howdy Wilkins and his words kept mounting.

"We're heavier than they are, man for man. Let's hit that line and keep on hitting it. Keep on hitting that line with every pound you've got. Never mind your brains. Let them have all the brains they want. Give 'em all the guts and all the heart and legs and shoulders you've got. It hasn't been tried in years—but we're going to do it!"

They raced through that tunnel with their heads up, and Lawson Baynes, watching them, wondered if they'd been kidding him in that first half or if this was a different team or if the old fox had been holding something back.

On the Cal bench Doc Hennessey was chuckling; saying gruffly, "The Brat! The Brat—I wish I had eleven of him, damn him!"

NOTHING exactly like that last half had been seen in the Rose Bowl in many years. The trick-play, passing, open Northern California team was slowly, inexorably plowing down the field toward Eastern's goal line. The Brat was everywhere, carrying the ball, tearing open holes, running interference, blocking, tackling like 185 pounds of live dynamite.

The stands went wild with excitement. This was old-fashioned football. Brutal, dogged battle.

Two yards, four yards, five yards at a time, Cal went forward. Always forward. Sometimes the Brat made nine at a time. They lost the ball—kicked, and with the same savage fury checked Eastern and started over again.

Howdy carried it over for the touchdown. Silence fell on 85,000 people. Nobody, it seemed, even breathed.

But the Brat knew. He wasn't even nervous. Wig held the ball, and the Brat dropped it over the bar right between the posts as though he had been kicking in his own back yard. Just one point. But it was enough to win.

HE was talking over the telephone when Doc came in. He didn't look tired, though his face was still white, and his hair was plastered wet against his head.

"I'm glad you did," he said. "I'll see you for lunch, then."

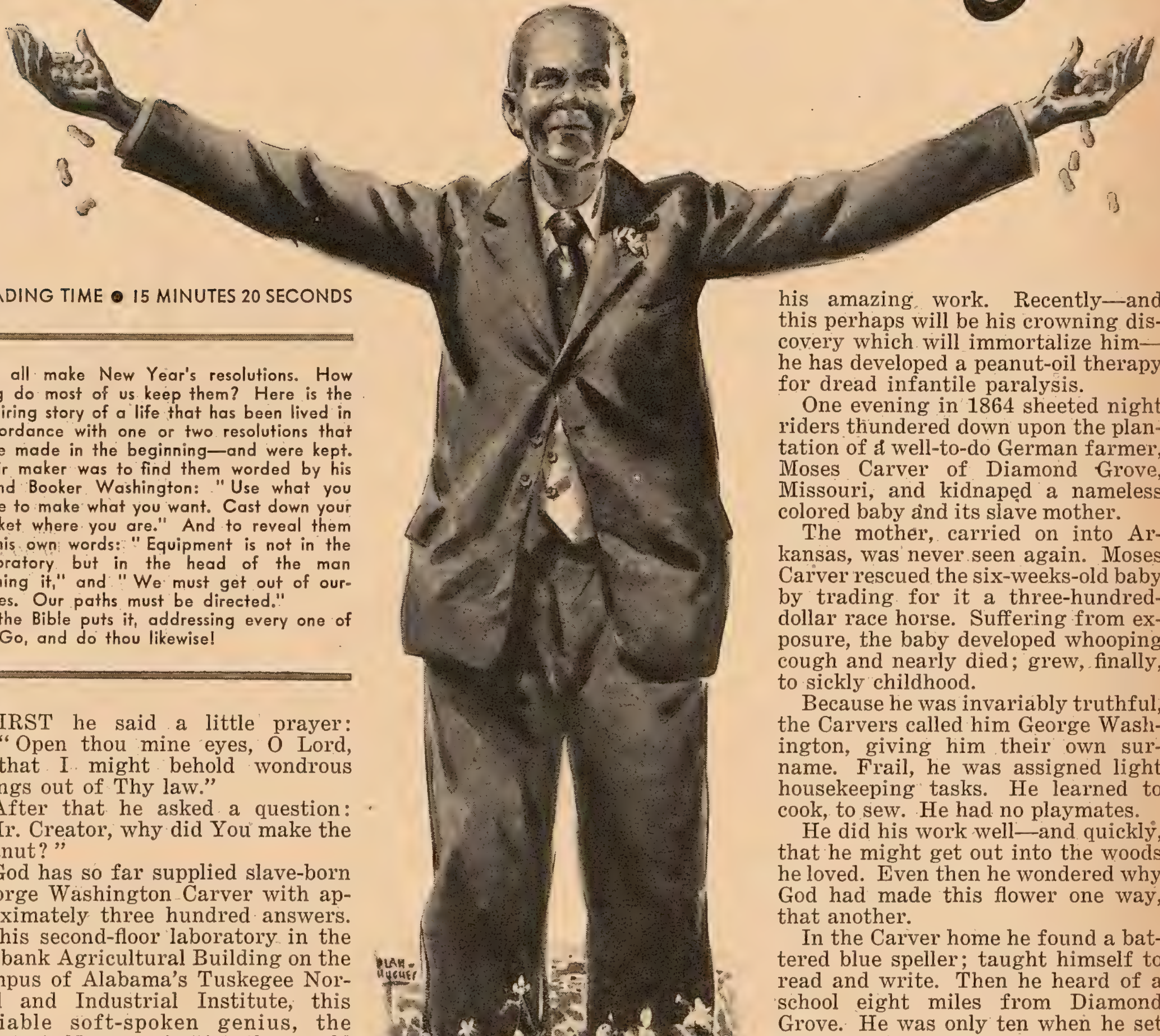
He put up the receiver and grinned. "She said," he commented, "that she always knew we'd win."

"I'm glad somebody did," said Doc.

THE END

BLACK MAN'S MIRACLES

The Story of a Great and Good American



How a slave's son rose to fame—An amazing saga of achievement

BY FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

We all make New Year's resolutions. How long do most of us keep them? Here is the inspiring story of a life that has been lived in accordance with one or two resolutions that were made in the beginning—and were kept. Their maker was to find them worded by his friend Booker Washington: "Use what you have to make what you want. Cast down your bucket where you are." And to reveal them in his own words: "Equipment is not in the laboratory but in the head of the man running it," and "We must get out of ourselves. Our paths must be directed."
As the Bible puts it, addressing every one of us: Go, and do thou likewise!

FIRST he said a little prayer: "Open thou mine eyes, O Lord, that I might behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

After that he asked a question: "Mr. Creator, why did You make the peanut?"

God has so far supplied slave-born George Washington Carver with approximately three hundred answers. In his second-floor laboratory in the Milbank Agricultural Building on the campus of Alabama's Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, this amiable soft-spoken genius, the greatest Negro scientist the world has ever known, has derived from the lowly peanut, among other things:

Soap, mixed pickles, sherbet, butter, salad oils, soft drinks, face powder, dyes, cheeses, wood stains, instant coffee, breakfast food, flour, axle grease, tan remover, lard, insulating boards, beauty preparations, and printer's ink.

He has helped propel the peanut into a crop worth $60,000,000 a year.

He has never accepted a cent for any of his discoveries; has never sought a patent; has insisted upon giving free to the world the results of his amazing work. Recently—and this perhaps will be his crowning discovery which will immortalize him—he has developed a peanut-oil therapy for dread infantile paralysis.

One evening in 1864 sheeted night riders thundered down upon the plantation of a well-to-do German farmer, Moses Carver of Diamond Grove, Missouri, and kidnaped a nameless colored baby and its slave mother.

The mother, carried on into Arkansas, was never seen again. Moses Carver rescued the six-weeks-old baby by trading for it a three-hundred-dollar race horse. Suffering from exposure, the baby developed whooping cough and nearly died; grew, finally, to sickly childhood.

Because he was invariably truthful, the Carvers called him George Washington, giving him their own surname. Frail, he was assigned light housekeeping tasks. He learned to cook, to sew. He had no playmates.

He did his work well—and quickly, that he might get out into the woods he loved. Even then he wondered why God had made this flower one way, that another.

In the Carver home he found a battered blue speller; taught himself to read and write. Then he heard of a school eight miles from Diamond Grove. He was only ten when he set out alone for the town where it was. He knew no one there. For several nights he slept in a horse barn. The school was a log cabin. He supported himself by doing chores for the townspeople.

Later on, having worked his way through high school, he filed an application with an Iowa college by mail, was accepted, spent all his money for railroad fare—and, arriving, was rejected because he was colored.

He cleaned carpets, washed clothes, saved enough money to go to Simpson College. After paying his tuition he had exactly ten cents left. Shrewdly, he bought five cents' worth of corn meal and five cents' worth of suet. He lived for a week on this diet.

Today, world-famous, he still clings to the philosophy that "anything that fills a dinner pail is valuable."

During his student days he turned quite naturally to music and painting. Today he still puts upon canvas the wild flowers that he comes upon in his field trips. Many of his paintings are done not with a brush but with his fingers, usually his thumbs. It is one of these that, after his death, will hang in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris.

From Alabama clays and from cow dung he makes the paints that he uses. From a red coloring, by a process of sextuple oxidation, he obtained a blue that delighted artists; was pronounced by experts the lost Egyptian blue found in the tomb of King Tut-ankh-Amen.

In 1896, wearing a wing collar and a black suit chosen carefully for its ironlike durability, Dr. George Washington Carver received his master's degree in agriculture at Iowa State College at Ames. He was on the faculty there when Booker T. Washington heard of him and invited him to come to Tuskegee Institute.

The day he was to arrive, welcomers from Tuskegee went to the railroad station. The train had come and gone and the station was empty. Some one finally spied Dr. Carver strolling along the railroad tracks, examining weeds and grasses new to him.

That night Booker T. Washington said to him: "The people of our race have never had a carpet of grass to walk on. Every city park has signs saying 'Keep Off.' I want my people, here at Tuskegee, to have grass to walk on. The soil is not good here. Do you think—"

Dr. Carver nodded. Today the rolling acres of Tuskegee Institute are covered with lush green grass.

THE agricultural department had no laboratory then. Undismayed, he told his students: "Equipment is not in the laboratory but in the head of the man running it." He sent them out to search for discarded fruit jars, cracked china bowls, bits of wire and rubber and reeds which he used for pipettes. A picture of his first greenhouse shows a structure built entirely of junk.

From such a beginning stemmed a stream of scientific miracles. The cotton-belt farmer was plunging toward poverty; continual one-crop cotton growing had devitalized the soil. Commercial fertilizers, even had they not cost prohibitively, were not enough to restore it.

"The soil is tired of growing cotton," said Dr. Carver. "Give it a rest."

He took over nineteen acres of the worst soil in Alabama and looked about him for wood ashes, lime, muck from the swamps, and dead leaves. He prepared a compost. He rotated crops. Within two years his test acreage showed a profit of forty dollars an acre.

He sat down and wrote simple lucid directions for preparing and using such fertilizer. He pointed out that everything needed lay at hand. He suggested growing peanuts and sweet potatoes. But Southern farmers were frankly skeptical. Where could they market them?

Dr. Carver shut himself in his laboratory and set out to find an answer to that question.

It was then that—a deeply religious man—he asked: "Mr. Creator, why did You make the peanut?"

What happened thereafter he himself has best told: "I said to Him: 'Mr. Creator, tell me all about the peanut.' He answers: 'I will be glad to.' So He gives me a few peanuts and tells me to pull them to pieces.

"First, I take out the water, the sugar, and so forth, and lay them side by side. And then I ask Him why He made the peanut. 'The why,' He says, 'depends upon what you and I might want to make out of it.'

"I am puzzled. And then . . . I examine the constituents of the peanut. There, in the hull, is cellulose. Cellulose is used in making insulating boards. Why, in that peanut I can find food and shelter. Even medicine.

"'Mr. Creator, can I make milk out of the peanut?'

"'Don't ask me,' He says. 'See if you have the necessary constituents that go to make up milk.'

"Well, I see water. I see the fats and the proteins. What kind of milk shall I make, just plain boardinghouse milk or good Jersey milk?"

It was good Jersey milk that he made. Those who have tasted it say it is delicious. When missionaries in a distant land wrote to him despairingly that they could not obtain milk for their babies, he sent them his recipe, and upon this peanut milk the babies throve.

As early as 1904 he was preaching soil conservation, recommending the lowly cowpea as an excellent cover crop—and mentioning that the leaves made first-rate ensilage and the pea itself was excellent food for man.

He wrote a bulletin: How to Grow the Cow Pea and Forty Ways of Preparing It as a Table Delicacy.

From the sweet potato meanwhile he was producing more than one hundred products: starch, library paste, mock coconut, vinegar, ginger, shoe blacking, dyes, wood fillers, and rubber compound, to name a few.

From out of his modest makeshift laboratory at Tuskegee leaked the news of his amazing discoveries.

Edison sent a personal representative to ask Dr. Carver to come to Menlo Park to work in the Edison laboratories. He tactfully declined. A commercial concern offered him $100,000 a year to work, as he pleased, in its laboratories. This too he turned down. Not money nor fame can entice him from Tuskegee, where he has been for forty years. For with him always is the story that the late Booker T. Washington told in his famous Atlanta Exposition speech:

Dr. Carver calls himself only a trail blazer in the use of peanut oil on limbs shrunken by infantile paralysis.

"A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal, 'Water, water; we die of thirst.'

"The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: 'Cast down your bucket where you are.' A second time the signal: 'Water, water; send us water!' ran up, and was answered: 'Cast down your bucket where you are.' And a third and fourth signal for water was answered: 'Cast down your bucket where you are.'

"The captain, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh sparkling water—from the mouth of the Amazon River."

AT Tuskegee Dr. George Washington Carver has cast down his bucket. If those to whom he so freely gives the formulae and secrets of his discoveries utilize these to make money, that is all right. To make any of the three hundred by-products of peanuts, peanuts are necessary. Thus the impoverished will ultimately benefit.

When he came to Tuskegee, pellagra was the lot of many Southern farmers. In many sections, he found, they were living on cowpeas and sowbelly and feeding to hogs collards and turnip greens and kale—all foods having a high pellagra-preventive value. They looked upon as weeds many edible grasses from which fine salads could be made. They were not growing any number of vegetables and fruits he had found could be grown there.

He drove about the countryside from farmhouse to farmhouse, showing the farmers what he had grown; what they could grow. Nor did he neglect the spiritual needs of those whose lives he touched. Into lives that were drab he brought an artist's love of color. With nothing more than the clays of his Alabama hills and water, he showed any who would watch how water colors of almost any shade could be produced without cost.

An adept at needlework, he has turned out hundreds of pieces ranging from hairpin lace to Irish crochet. To demonstrate that beauty and self-expression remain available even to the most impoverished, he has shown how, from crocus sacks dyed with walnut stain or beetroot or elderberry juice, beautiful scarves can be made.

He believes in letting nothing go to waste. Walking the campus, he will stoop to pick up a bit of twine, a piece of wire. And sooner or later he will find a use for them. One day he walked into the wood mill at Tuskegee Institute. On the floor lay wood shavings. He ordered some brought to his laboratory. They came out of it eventually as synthetic marble.

When, several years ago, the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives sat to consider pleas of Southern farmers for a tariff on peanuts, Dr. Carver was one of a dozen men invited to speak.

When he left Tuskegee, some one ventured to suggest a change of neckties. Gently he rejected this. "A new necktie," he pointed out, "won't help me to answer their questions."

He carried a huge homemade box loaded with exhibits. In Washington he got off the train with the box under one arm. Porters were rushing up and down the platform, peering into the cars. He managed to stop one of them long enough to ask directions.

"Sorry, pop," the porter replied, eager to be off; "I ain't got time to tell you now. We're trying to find a big scientist that's coming up here from Alabama."

Arrived where the hearing was being held, he sat quietly in the rear of the room. He was last on the long list of those to be heard. Each speaker was allowed ten minutes, no more. Finally some one called: "Dr. George Washington Carver!"

Necks craned as their curious owners looked around. Dr. Carver was having trouble with his heavy box. At last he had it under his arm and came marching forward. Laughter rippled across the room.

He put the box on a table; carefully consulted his watch, that he might not exceed his ten minutes. A bored congressman wisecracked at him:

"I suppose if you have plenty of peanuts and watermelon down South, you're perfectly happy, eh?"

There was an ugly silence in the room. Dr. Carver's friendly smile did not leave his face. Softly, graciously, he made brief answer, then launched into his speech.

From the box he brought up into view the peanut creations of his laboratory. Here was face powder. Here milk. Here axle grease. Here printer's ink. He told how he had asked the Creator about the peanut. Then he looked at his watch, said, "Thank you, gentlemen, for letting me come here," and began loading the exhibits back in the box.

Shouted protests rose on all sides of him: "No, no! More!"

For one hour and forty-five minutes he spoke. Applause—loud and hearty and warm—followed his speech. The peanut was included in the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill.

DR. CARVER'S activities have been so many and so varied that years may pass before the world takes in the whole of his true greatness as an agricultural scientist. For fifty years he has been hybridizing amaryllis. He has dabbled in taxidermy; is constantly writing new bulletins, painting new pictures. Just now he is writing a botany and a chemistry text. And all these are side lines.

Though he seeks no honors, the world has tendered him many. An Oklahoma high school has been named after him. You will find him in Who's Who in America. He is a member of the Royal Society of Arts, of London. Clarence Darrow and the late Will Rogers and many of the world's famous have come to Tuskegee to visit and talk with him. Mahatma Gandhi has corresponded with him. Last winter in Detroit he was a guest of Henry Ford, who gave him a cup and saucer from a set that Ford's mother brought to the United States as a bride. He prizes that gift highly.

Last summer, when a bust of him was unveiled on the campus, he appeared at the ceremonies wearing the same black suit that he had worn forty years before when receiving his master's degree at Iowa State. Yet, whatever suit he may be wearing, you will find a flower on its coat lapel.

He is in his seventies, thin and tall, wiry and gangling. His eyes are deep-set and expressive and—like his face—kindly. His hands are strong and massive, finely shaped, with long, skillful fingers.

When he talks, he gesticulates freely and his long arms seem awkward—until you watch the hands and fingers at the ends of them.

He is an excellent mimic. His illustrative anecdotes reveal a dry, quiet humor. His conversation is interlarded with quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible. One of his favorites is: "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

"Today," he will tell you, "man lives too much in here"—indicating his stomach. "We must get out of ourselves. Our paths must be directed. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.' Too many of us will not turn on the dial of life. We are not in tune with the Creator."

IN his office, the day I was there, was a huge basket in which thousands of letters were piled to a height of four feet. He acknowledges every letter he receives.

All the letters in the basket had come from victims of infantile paralysis. It is to cure the ravages of that scourge, deformed limbs and wasted muscles, that Dr. Carver has worked diligently at his peanut-oil therapy. He speaks of it as of an experiment upon which he is still at work. He makes no extravagant claims for it. In some cases it has failed; in others there has been but slight improvement; in many it has been startlingly beneficent.

One youth carried into his office now attends school, climbs eighty steps each day without brace or cane.

He suffered some rather violent abuse from many doctors when word of his find first got out. Today doctors are writing him asking where they can get the ten peanut oils, of varying viscidity, which he employs, and how to administer the treatments.

"I can tell them how to get the oils," he explains, "but not how to use them. No one can tell them in a letter how to find and massage the muscles which need treatment. But any doctor, once he has the proper oil for his patient—the skins of patients vary greatly in their powers of absorption—can employ any competent physiotherapist to give the actual massage."

Dr. Carver is not a doctor in the medical sense. He tells all his patients he is not. But he is an expert masseur—a carry-over from the days at Iowa State when he was track and football trainer.

Strangely enough, his infantile paralysis discovery was in part accidental.

Dr. Carver made a beauty preparation for the treatment of acne, at the request of a number of ladies. He made it of peanut oil, gave it to them, told them to massage their faces with it. Patiently—and over a long period—they used it. Then, a bit indignantly, they reported to him.

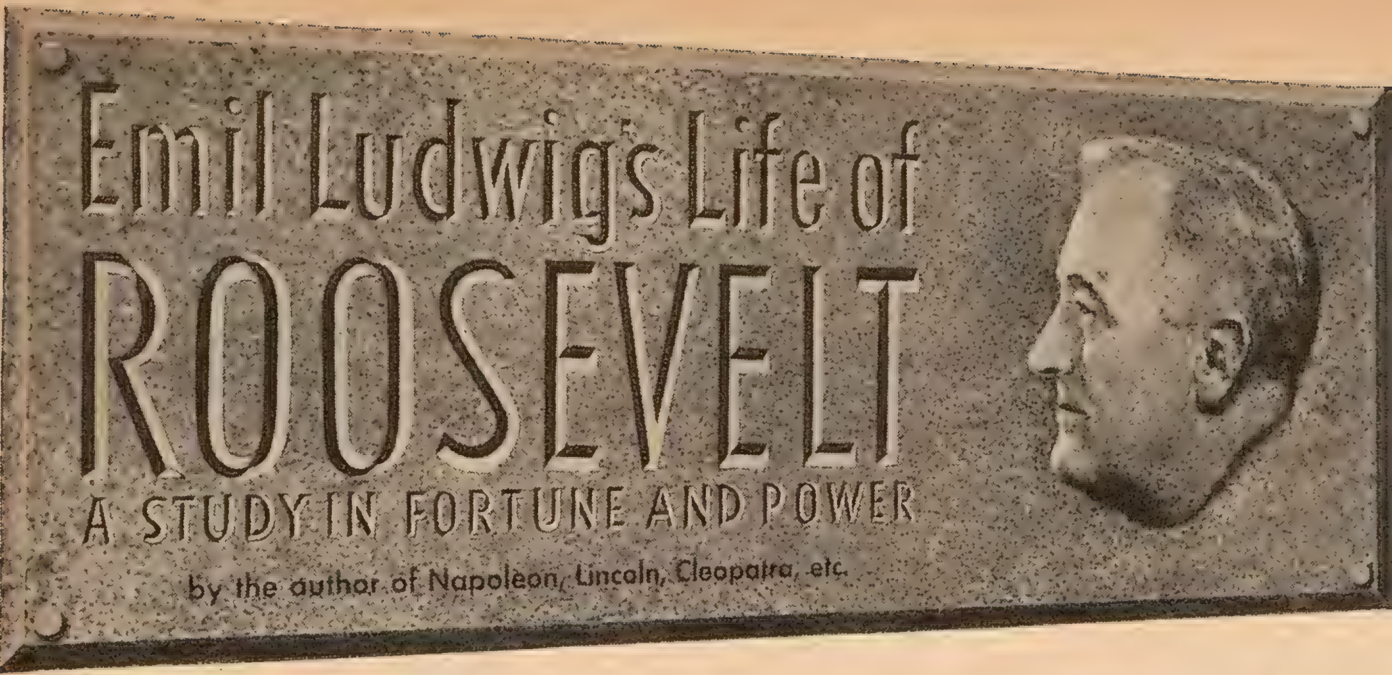
It had made their skins soft and free of blemishes—but their faces were getting fat.

Interested, Dr. Carver turned to a boy who had come to him to ask whether anything could be done about one of his legs. It was thinner than the other and it wobbled. Dr. Carver located its wasted muscles; massaged them regularly with peanut oil. New life came to them; new flesh to the leg. The wobble disappeared. Later that boy played football at Georgia Tech.

Later, too, Dr. Carver learned that he had cured a leg deformed by infantile paralysis.

He looks upon himself as a trail blazer. Who will carry on his work? For years, with that in mind, Tuskegee brought "assistants" to him. Only within the past two years has he found a real one—W. Austin Curtis, Jr., a gifted young man after his own heart, with whom he works in perfect harmony.

THE END



Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

How

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE fourth installment of this biography followed its subject through his seven years, which included the World War period, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and through 1920, when he ran for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket headed by Cox. It disclosed President Wilson's reason for his insistence that the nation enter the war unprepared, and the reason why Cox and Roosevelt made their campaign on the obviously hopeless League of Nations issue. It brought Roosevelt to the time of his life's great crisis, which was to come in August, 1921.

PART FIVE—A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

IT began with a pleasure trip. What could be more natural than that the chairman of the board of the insurance company should invite his new colleague aboard his steam yacht during the month of August, and that Roosevelt should ask him to change his course toward the islands where the old family house stood on Campobello? In the Bay of Fundy, between Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where the captain was not quite sure of his course, Roosevelt took the tiller and steered for Campobello. Arriving there, he at once prepared his fishing tackle, and in the midst of it slipped and fell overboard.

Roosevelt tells: "I'd never felt anything so cold as the water! I hardly went under, hardly wet my head, because I still had hold of the side of the tender, but the water was so cold it seemed paralyzing. This must have been the icy shock in comparison to the heat of the August sun and the tender's engine.

"The next day we landed on the island. All that day we fought a forest fire. Late in the afternoon we brought it under control. Our eyes were bleary with smoke; we were begrimed, smarting with spark burns, exhausted. We plunged into a fresh-water pool on the island to revive ourselves. We ran in our bathing suits along hot dusty roads to the house.

"I didn't feel the usual reaction, the glow I'd expected. Walking and running couldn't overcome the chill. When I reached the house the mail was in, with several newspapers I hadn't seen. I sat reading for a while, too tired even to dress. I'd never felt quite that way before.

"The next morning when I swung out of my bed my left leg lagged, but I managed to move about and to shave. I tried to persuade myself that the trouble with my leg was muscular, that it would disappear as I used it. But presently it refused to work, and then the other. . . ."

Three days later they knew definitely: Infantile paralysis, which was then raging in New York, had struck Roosevelt down.

The manner of his falling ill seems to have brought together all the characteristic elements of his life. The water had always been his greatest passion, sea travel and fishing had been his sports. His sociableness had brought about his connection with the insurance company, and that in turn had led him to the owner of the yacht. The island to which he steered the ship represented his happy childhood. The fire which he helped to put out brings into relief his natural readiness to help; it was the third fire to break in on the course of his life. The picture includes his eagerness and curiosity, that interest in men and changes which was reflected in letters and newspapers. The irresponsibility of the completely healthy man who has never bothered about taking care of himself kept him sitting there reading.

But the strain of the war years had used up his body more than he realized. Moreover, returning on the destroyer in September, 1918, he had come ashore with a severe case of pneumonia, and that winter he had had an attack of influenza, and now he had not strength enough to withstand the germ of a contagious disease. That which men call chance has its significant reasons and background, even when, in the form of a sudden sickness, it seems to be doubly senseless.

In the fortieth year of his life this man, the healthiest in the world, surrounded by happiest circumstance, was suddenly smitten on the island of his youth with complete paralysis from the hips down.

The question was whether his character would come through this, the first severe test of his life.

Frankly, revealingly as never before, a brilliant biography tells the story of an historic triumph over disaster

ENTER LOUIS HOWE, FRIEND IN NEED—AND PRESIDENT-MAKER

THE favorite of fortune, when he was struck down, had many friends, and yet only one friend. The appearance of one man, who offers himself as the helper of another, destined for great ends, is in a drama of this kind as significant to the other as his marriage. Yet this kind of devotion is even more infrequent than a good marriage, for only one with the rarest character will consent, outside the hierarchy of office, without obligation, without advantage, and especially without envy, to play the role of helper. To that end he must be older, lonelier, and more self-abnegating than the other; he must have renounced all advancement in his own life; he must recognize in the younger, more God-graced person the instrument of destiny; he must love the other like a son.

Such a man fortune now found for its protégé.

From among the crowd of journalists in Albany Louis Howe, with his little jockey figure, would certainly never have attracted the notice of young Senator Roosevelt if a certain penetrating expression on the melancholy features of the elderly man had not distinguished him. The nose, chin, and eyebrows, standing out prominently

Roosevelt Conquered Infantile Paralysis and Entered into History

ILLUSTRATED BY PIERRE BRISSAUD

against the worn features and the overhanging eyelids, expressed a will power which, with this introverted or rather resigned individual, seemed to find no occupation. His big leathery ears were musical, and yet no aesthetic impulse seems to have transplanted him into the world of fantasy. His wife and children at home, the editorial office in New York, and the work in Albany did not, it seemed, even begin to fill his life.

When he encountered the younger man, whom destiny had pampered in all things, a character like his could react only with love or with hate. At what point Howe recognized in Roosevelt the man to whom his romantic nature found it worth while to devote itself is not clear. What is certain is that their friendship had developed so far back that the younger man took the older one along as his secretary into his naval office, and there for seven years the latter worked with him. Years later he acquired the title of colonel from some governor who was very generous with such honors, and as Roosevelt's secretary he occupied an important official position. He therefore had, during this period, the outward semblance of power; its inner strength, however, depended solely on the mutual trust of the two men.

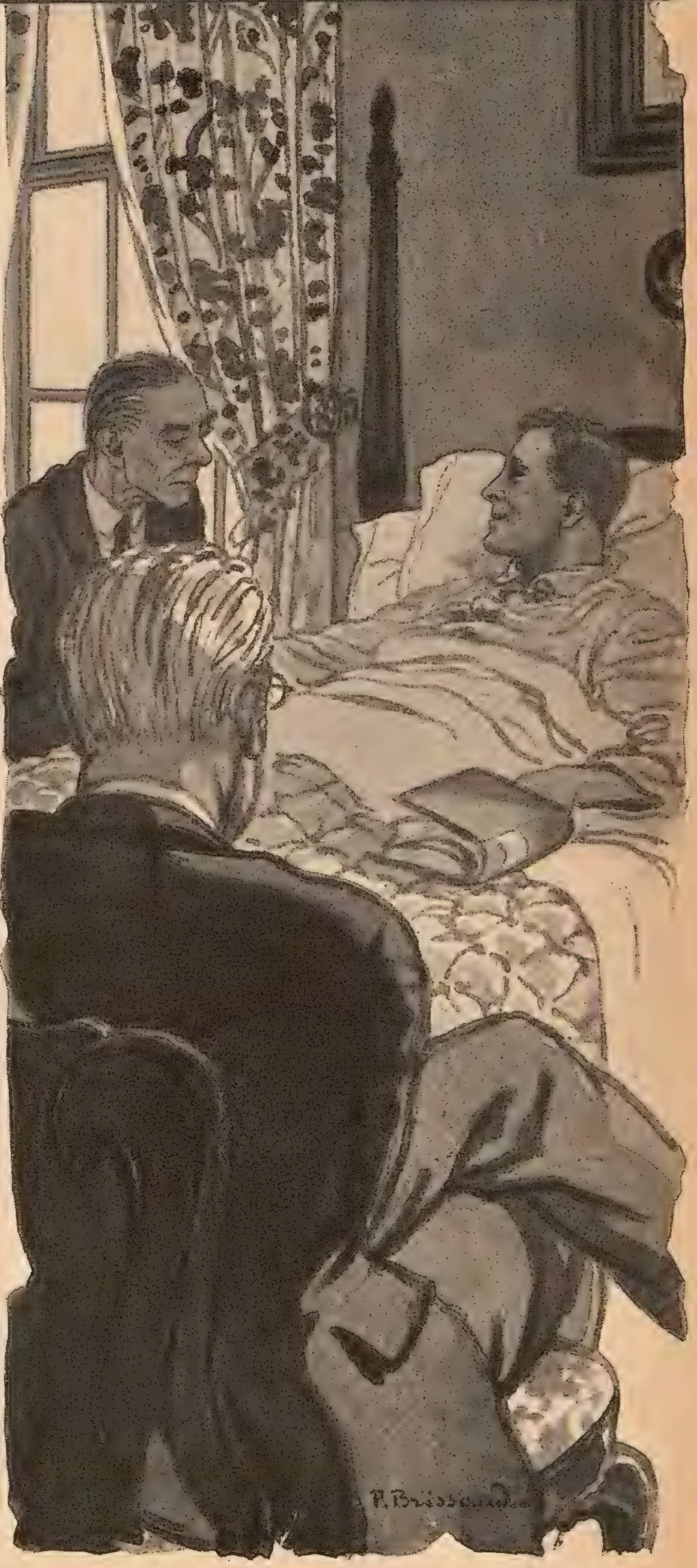
But the picture is not that of the lighter-hearted comrade serving as a foil to the darker central figure, as Horatio does to Hamlet or Orestes to Pylades. We must, instead, think of a kind of experienced pilot standing by the side of the younger captain, who may indeed know less than he about the currents and shallows of the sea, but who is for all that the one fitted to command.

Among egotistical party friends, in the midst of intrigue and greed which were all the more dangerous to him because he did not share them, Roosevelt found in Louis Howe a counselor of high reliability. But, given the complete difference in character and career, this friendship was only possible on the basis of a spirit of humor. Near the younger man's hearty laughter, which sounded like a daily challenge to fate, was heard now the sarcastic jest of the other, complementing it as the clarinet does the French horn.

HOW THE FRIEND IN NEED FOOLED THE NEWSPAPER ALARMISTS

When Roosevelt left office Howe stayed on in Washington, first to straighten out certain affairs which the Assistant Secretary of the Navy had let slide in the thick of the campaign, but later to take over an important business position. He seemed then to have separated himself from his friend, both literally and vocationally.

The news of Roosevelt's sickness brought him at once to Campobello, and the moment he recognized the seriousness of the situation, Howe gave up his position without a single afterthought. He could not then have known that for the remainder of his life—thirteen years in all—he



Roosevelt's challenge to Fate: "It's ridiculous to tell me that a grown man can't conquer a child's sickness!"

Mrs. Roosevelt: She was of inestimable aid handling a vast correspondence when her husband was stricken ill.

was not to leave the invalid's side. Experienced journalist that he was, he made it his first task to fool the press, and to speak of nothing more than a simple cold, for he knew that in those days the words *infantile paralysis* were associated with the idea of a mental case; and once those words got about, his friend's reputation would be done for.

One of the doctors understood absolutely nothing, another reported plain paralysis, a third, a distinguished specialist, was, if anything, even more pessimistic. What actually confronted all of them, doctors, family, and friends alike, was a crushing spectacle: the entire lower half of the body was paralyzed; so, in the beginning, were both arms. With all of them it was an absolute certainty that the patient would never be able to move again.

The only one who refused to believe it was the patient. Not that the diagnosis was withheld from him; he forced the information out of them, but met it at once with: " It's ridiculous to tell me that a grown man can't conquer a child's sickness! "

This magnificent reply was Franklin Roosevelt's entry into history. Here lies the great break in his life, the instant in which he rises above the mass of humanity.

When his wife and his friend recognized the courage which inspired him, they made it their common task to sustain him on that path. " The only thing that can help now is a struggle maintained daily and hourly," said the doctor to the friend, " but only in the rarest instances has the patient the energy for it."

When Howe reported these words to him, Roosevelt responded: " All right; when does the cure begin, and what have I to do? "

The journey from the island to the steamer, and thence to the New York hospital, could be made only on a stretcher. All sorts of detours and dodges were resorted to, so that wherever the journalists encountered him the patient was seen sitting up, smoking and laughing. Then followed the first long weeks in bed. It was humanly inevitable that in the silence of the white hospital room even this strong heart should falter, should perceive its entire destiny in one single glance.

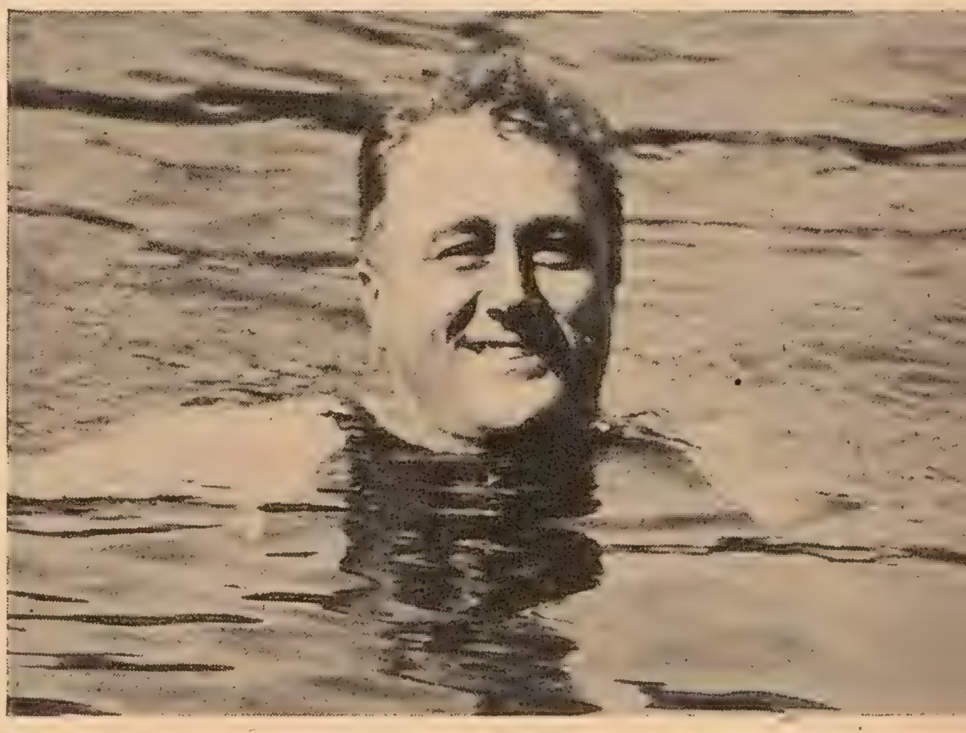
" OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME, BLACK AS THE PIT— "

It was a horrible thing that had happened! This man who, in his fortieth year, should still have felt himself a youth, radiant with health and elasticity, lay flat in bed with limbs inert, unable to stir even a toe. This man who, a year before, during the election campaign, had endured the desert heat of the southwestern states and the frosts of Maine, had traveled through the nights by car, and had been able to deliver half a dozen speeches daily, was now stretched out powerless. He whom neither wind nor weather had been able to drive from the tiller of his yacht, who only recently had galloped to the top of a four-thousand-foot mountain during the fleet inspection in Haiti, just to win a bet, was weaker than his three-year-old son who could run from the sickbed to the door in order to call the nurse.

It had been taken from him to go striding in heavy boots through the stables and woods of Hyde Park, to clamber aboard a ship by the iron steps or the rope ladder, to take the platform by storm under the flags of his country and his state. He would not be able—he who had never had a personal servant—to go without help from car to elevator, from elevator to apartment.

He saw once more, in pale procession, the hundreds of war cripples who had defiled before him in recent years, working the levers of their wheel chairs or pushed by attendants; and he asked himself for the first time why he had never put himself in their position; for he had known well enough that under the blankets of many of them were concealed two wooden limbs or perhaps just two stumps. When his wife came into the room, or one of his children, he could read in their eyes the pain which they tried to conceal, and he could imagine the older ones standing behind the door crying. For it had been among his greatest joys to go romping with his children. Had it ever occurred to him how rich he was?

Lying there, must he not have reviewed the whole of his life, the normal and balanced years, his youth, his marriage? Must not this man, sport-loving, sunburned, have been driven to the brink of self-destruction, thinking how the morning freshness which had filled him whenever he awoke had now suddenly withered, how that dynamic power of action which had given beauty to his life in a thousand forms had suddenly been eclipsed, and forever? Whatever memories of himself he called up, it was always this body of his, obedient to his will, neverfailing in its responses, which had carried him toward life's prizes.



Roosevelt in 1925 swimming in what he has called " the most beautiful pool in the world " at Warm Springs, Ga.

And from now on what good were all the experiences which his spirit had gathered, all the knowledge which he had gleaned, all the feelings he possessed? He could, indeed, hire yachts and automobiles, but what use were these mechanical movements as long as he lacked his own spring and step, the happiest evidences of a man's life power? If he tried to ask himself what his nearest friends would have done in a similar situation, he discovered not one among them who would have been struck as desperately as he. Suddenly they all appeared to him to be of heavier and slower natures than his own; and fundamentally they actually were so. It seemed as though destiny had chosen to condemn the liveliest as well as the most cheerful of men to lifelong immobility.

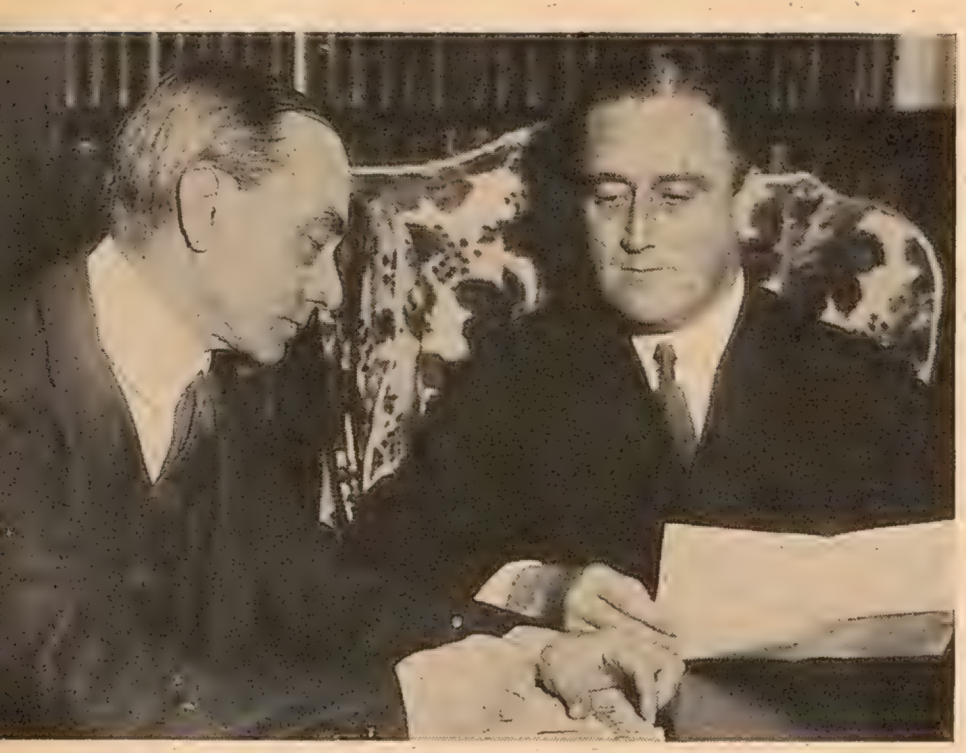
What comparisons must have forced themselves on him when, a few months after falling sick, he passed his fortieth birthday lying in his bed—he who had been accustomed, as a darling of the gods, to make a celebration of every anniversary! How, he might very well have asked himself, would he celebrate his fiftieth?

There was only one escape out of the darkness of such depths. If he once succeeded, while completely paralyzed, in making the superhuman resolution to recuperate in spite of everything, he could still defeat the horrible threat which hung over him. Much did indeed depend on his will, as the doctor put it at first; more depended on the profound conviction of a spoiled man that nothing could happen to him because he was fortune's favorite and therefore invulnerable. Only to a completely untragic nature could it be given to resolve this tragic conflict by sheer strength of soul.

And he triumphed. The life-courage born of spiritual will lifted him out of his body's bonds. He said one day to his wife: "I'll beat this thing!"

Like a beleaguered nation which dreams not simply of revenge but of a triple increase of its ancient power, this paralyzed man formulated the resolution to vindicate his life. Now he could see the beneficent hand of Providence in the circumstances which had prevented him from becoming a seaman, as he had wanted; for what would have become of him today? He must take hold of life anew. The very resolution seemed to contain a healing within itself, and out of this healing he was to draw unsuspected powers.

To be sure, this was by no means as clear to him then as now, when he looks back. But the impetus with which he threw himself into the battle against misfortune shows us a man arming himself like a warrior for the first time in his life; for now, after the fighting games of the last two decades, grim war had been declared against him and a jesting answer was impossible.



Roosevelt and the late Louis Howe: The latter often read aloud for hours when pain kept Roosevelt awake.

The story of his development shows us how on three occasions in his life Franklin Roosevelt was challenged to acquire for himself that which had until then fallen to his lot without effort on his part. The first occasion came about through the earnest endeavor of his wife, the second through the war in which his nation was involved, but the third and most serious through his own sickness. Action! That had been his passion for twenty years—action for his and for its own sake! Now, instead of being, like others, crushed by disaster into passivity and meditation, this paralyzed man broke through to intensified activity. Roosevelt determined to make his comeback against fate through action.

It could hardly have been done without his wife and his friend, but their encouragement would have been nothing without his own determination. His mother, moved by the desire to protect her only child, invited him to settle in her old country house and to take up a life of reading and of writing, sheltered by nature, money, and the family. He refused to disappear. If they doubted his patience, which he had indeed had little occasion to exercise till now, they would learn what he was capable of.

No; he would not let himself be buried in the country. Now, of all times, he would place himself at the center, in New York, and if movement was denied him, at least he would feel it all around him. There were all sorts of technical possibilities, and if his friend would devote himself to him entirely, he would have in him, his "legman," the substitute for his own limbs which he needed.

But the healing process made hardly any progress. There he lay in bed in his city home and labored systematically to put some life into his paralyzed limbs; labored hours, entire days, with a patience which astounded them all. His natural good humor enabled him to hail with satisfaction the first little evidence of returning mobility, and to regard the whole business as a tremendous wager which he had to win against the spirits of evil. Once, while he was doing his exercises, he said to his friend, "You people don't realize what it is just to be able to wiggle your foot."

"I AM THE MASTER OF MY FATE . . THE CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL!"

Often he was in such pain that he could not sleep, and Howe sat up half the night reading to him.

He drew up a program for this new mode of life. Since his activity had always been of a sociable character and had seldom consisted of work in isolation, he needed two messengers to link him with the world, two doves to connect his ark with the stormy waters outside. On the political side it was his friend who constituted the link, on the social side his wife.

It did not stop there. At first in a wheel chair, later on crutches, he was able to overcome the distances between automobile, elevator, and room. In this way he could spend several days of the week in his office, where he lunched at his desk, as he still does. Throughout all these difficulties he was entirely dependent on his wife and his friend, not simply as regarded their support but equally as regarded their loving tact.

Mrs. Roosevelt said once to Ernest K. Lindley, the biographer: "We didn't do anything except treat him as a perfectly normal, able-bodied man, which was what he made all of us feel he was, and never let any one intimate to him that he was trying to do too much. Once when he was planning to go South—I think it was the winter after he had infantile paralysis—he said that he thought it would be easier for him to go by boat than by train. That was the only time I ever heard him acknowledge that he was not just as he had been before. You know he has never said he could not walk."

But it was by no means enough for him to tell himself that he was not sick. He looked for the advantages which his new condition offered him, and he found them. Through his sickness he learned to recognize the worth of time and the worthlessness of the distracting company in

By the pool at Warm Springs: It was through Roosevelt the spring became widely known among kindred sufferers.

which till then he had often squandered his time. Just as a rich man, after having lost immense sums, bestows greater care on the management of what he has rescued, so this forty-year-old man, who until then had gone strolling pleasantly through life, now made his first serious accounting of the good luck which had been his ever since his childhood. The time which he had been squandering he now used to study those things which he lacked.

If it was indeed the design of Providence to build up this man, distinguished until now by power of action and visual apprehension, into a leader of his nation, what better means could it have found than to chain him to his bed and his room for a certain time, to the end that he might acquire a certain theoretical background which his life of distractions had not given him?

He gained socially too. An avalanche of letters came daily into his room. His wife had not only taken up all the connections which he had established as state senator, farmer, insurance official, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Vice-Presidential candidate; she had everywhere strengthened and extended them, so that now, chained to his chair and his bed, Roosevelt wrote hundreds of letters, received as many, obtained a wider view of the whole country than in the mobile days when he had done the viewing in person. A decade before the introduction of the radio the sick man heard in his room the voice of the world.

It was also to his advantage that any one who wanted to see him had to come to him, and that every one who greeted him stood up while he was seated. His natural courtesy made this at first an embarrassment; but the others, who until then had mostly taken him for a charming dilettante, now felt more respect for him. For just as people easily underrate and exploit an amiable man, as if he were stupid, so they readily appreciate another to whose house and room and bed they must make a pilgrimage whenever they want to speak with him.

Meanwhile the paralysis would not give way. When three years had passed, the stricken man moved very little better than he had at the beginning. Slow and wearisome was the motion of his own life, winged and swift that of the lives of others; and if his nearest never heard a plaintive word from him, he cannot always have mastered despondency within.

HIS FIRST TIDINGS OF THAT WARM SPRING IN GEORGIA

Then one day a New Yorker, widely known as a philanthropist, forwarded him a letter from a young engineer who, stricken by the same paralysis, had been so far cured by a certain warm spring in Georgia that he could now get about passably with a stick. There he had been able to swim, for the water, with a temperature nearly the same as that of the body, had carried him, and in swimming he could exercise the muscles of his legs more easily, more energetically, and longer. It had been calculated that it was possible in this way to exercise from ten to twenty times as long as under atmospheric pressure.

Roosevelt decided at once to visit Warm Springs. There he found, gushing from the rocks with a temperature of ninety degrees, a spring which local people had long described as medicinal, without, however, making serious use of it. Analysis showed a mixed content of magnesium, iron, sodium, and potassium together with its carbonates, sulphates, and chlorides. Water, his element since childhood, was to heal him. In six weeks the swimming exercises, several hours of them daily, did more to loosen his paralyzed legs than all his exercises out of water had done in three years.

And yet, had he not always been hearing within himself the murmur of the warm springs of hope, he would have given up without ever making the attempt. Now that it met him halfway, he felt himself vindicated by destiny; called the pool, in grateful letters to his adviser, the most beautiful pool in the world; went back to it for months at a stretch; found more and more life restored to his deadened limbs, and within a year was able to move about with the help of two sticks.

But it was psychically that the impression was deep and the progress decisive. For as he began to rehabilitate himself, as pictures of him as a swimmer began to appear, and a published article describing the medical spring brought other invalids, Roosevelt with his action-loving nature conceived the whole thing as a social task. To spread a piece of information, to popularize a piece of wisdom, is in itself in the American style. In this case, however, it was the product of a deeper state of mind; it was an expression of thanks coming from a partly healed man who wanted to disseminate the good vouchsafed him, and show his gratitude to Providence.

This gratitude of Roosevelt's filled him, as he told me, with a special feeling of responsibility, which taught the wealthy heir his duty to the poor. The way in which he organized the small resort, provided for a medical staff, and himself gave advice in the role of expert to the paralytics who sought him out and put their confidence in him; the way in which he encouraged the erection of new buildings, and finally invested more than half of his personal fortune in purchasing 1,200 acres and establishing a non-profit-making foundation; the way in which hundreds of fellow invalids came streaming to the place from all over the country, to be healed where Roosevelt had found his healing: it is all a symbol and earnest of the goal toward which he was pushed by the power of action and the responsibility of the rich-born man who desires to make the gifts of life available to millions of his fellow countrymen.

A "LITTLE WHITE HOUSE"—AND THOUGHTS OF A BIGGER ONE

Seven years later there was an epidemic of infantile paralysis, and blood of victims of this disease was needed for experiments with a serum. Roosevelt donated some of his own, saying later in private: "I thought it would set a good example." This too was a symbol; and if thenceforth the sick and the paralyzed flocked to him as if he were a healer who could cure them, if the "little white house" which he built in Warm Springs so as to be able to spend several months there every year was called what it was, with the jesting addition of quotation marks, there lay hidden in all this a hint for the future, the significance of which he himself was only beginning to understand.

If we think it through to the end, if we surrender our emotions to the idea, we do not find it astonishing that after his partial cure Roosevelt should have begun to look toward the White House without the quotation marks.

As long as everything came his way without effort, his harmonious nature was tempted by effort in the same way as by sport and games. A life which moved forward encountering practically no resistance, and no enemies, or only such as let themselves be won over after the fight, a life which put no obstacles before his moods and wishes, and which moved along on a sensible plane without any high peaks—such a life put forth no great challenges for the adventurer. If as an honest friend of human beings he did what he could for others, that was only as occasion arose, without the intention and without the power to undertake something of wider scope or even of enduring worth. Even in the war he was activated more by the need of the day than by general ideas; all of which was in keeping with his nature.

But now he had won a victory for the first time in his life; and if our dictators act as if their having thrown bombs personally in the war had made them especially useful, Roosevelt could with greater justice point to his own private war. Here he had been soldier and field marshal in one; like the Knight of the Order in Schiller's beautiful ballad, he had conquered himself.

For the thing over which he triumphed was more than his sickness. It was the despair of defeat, the hopelessness of his nearest and dearest, the helplessness of his doctors. Over these he would not give way before a silly accident. It was the wounded soldier who had taken an oath to be healed so that he might return to the battle.

Such a struggle called for greater ends: he set them well ahead. The highest was just about high enough. Just as, during the slow years of healing, the upper half of his body developed through constant swimming until today, in his middle fifties, it is stronger than that of many a man of forty, so the heart and head of this swimmer developed through his heightened self-respect. Plans which he had hardly glimpsed in his fortunate youth now took on the aspect of some high-hung prize for which the muscular arm might now reach. The sources of his great political plans must be sought not in Albany or in Washington, not in New York or Hyde Park, but in Warm Springs, where the healing sources break from the rock.

The profound effects produced on the soul of this man become literally visible when one sees certain movie films of him taken at that time and recently strung together. In these I saw him as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, long-faced and with slender shoulders, his figure always slim, his motions always rapid and restless, like a man responding at once to every stimulus, his head perpetually turning this way and that, much too boyish for a man in his late thirties. From some of these pictures speaks a certain arrogance, characteristic of men who are trained to overcome an inner uncertainty.

Then suddenly, between one picture and the next—there was an interval of three years without any pictures—the impression he makes undergoes a complete transformation. Now a massive head is set on broad shoulders; everything about him seems to have broadened out. His glance is firm and intense, the chin powerful, the mouth firmly outlined — everything about him seems to have taken on resolution. I was so astounded that during the fleeting moments I could only stare at the head; it was only when the film was run through a second time that I saw that he was supported by two strong crutches.

This same change, but on a smaller scale, we may observe again among his fellow sufferers. He once wrote from Warm Springs: " There is a remarkable spirit of co-operation and competition among the patients to see who will improve the most. The spirit of the place has an extraordinary effect on the progress they make. When these people come down here they have been babied for years. They have been kept wrapped in cotton wool. Here they find other people just like themselves. They get over their self-consciousness. The mental factor has a great deal to do with their improvement."

There was a paralyzed singer who, by sitting and singing through a benefit evening in a church, had obtained the financial means for the cure, and who—this was the first year—could hardly be kept in balance by his comrade Roosevelt as he tried to swim with a ring round his body. There came hundreds of others who wrote to Roosevelt, and the histories of whose sickness he knew—among them a paralyzed youth who afterward became a swimming champion. Then followed builders and men of enterprise. Under the influence of Roosevelt's published reports a new therapy developed there, and the only ones who did not understand what was happening were, as usual, the experts. When Roosevelt once appeared at a congress of orthopedists in Atlanta, near Warm Springs, he was refused the floor because he was not an expert. He persisted nevertheless and managed to put his ideas across to the more reasonable among the doctors, who then devoted some study to the springs.

With his healing he found his humor again, if he could be said to have lost it. One day his athletic son tried to put on the steel bands with which his father enclosed his knees, and fell down on the stairs; the incident was greeted with great laughter. In the law office which he had started with a number of others, friends would ask him anxiously how he managed, and he would ask in return how much walking around a healthy man was supposed to do in his office; then he would cite the case of the elder Dumas, who, as he had read, had had himself chained to his writing desk so as to finish his drama Napoleon.

His home life developed in many directions; in fact, the only thing the family lacked was a house. For, if we except the little summer house in Warm Springs, which he built at a cost of $7,000, Roosevelt has never had a house of his own; and Mrs. Roosevelt tells how once, between tears and laughter, she found a city house all prepared and furnished for her by Franklin's worldly-wise mother — and found, too, that she didn't really like the house.

The intensified activity which she developed at the beginning of his sickness did not diminish in later years, but rather the contrary. The basic social sense of this married couple was identical. In the days when such activities were considered impossible for a rich woman, she belonged to the board of the Consumers' League, wrote in favor of workers' homes and shorter working hours, and, to the terror of some of her relatives, marched in a procession of strikers. Together with this she taught history and literature in a New York school and directed a factory that made imitation-antique furniture. But no one was ever able to reproach her with remissness in her maternal duties.

The objection that these two, with their socialist leanings, spent $25,000 a year and more, left Roosevelt cold. He rightly emphasized how desirable it was for a man with a political career to be possessed of enough to be able to live without holding office, or at least to be able at all times to retire to a well paid job.

His friend and political adviser had higher plans. Once, when I asked Roosevelt when he had begun to cast his glance at the highest place of power, he answered, with an almost resentful gesture, " I? Never! But Louis Howe never forgot it! " We need not take such a phrase literally and seriously. And yet, we may perceive how the insistent spurring by one man of the ambition of his friend was bound to work as did the faith of the one on the self-respect of the other.

Ludwig's remarkable character studies of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Theodore, and of the former and Al Smith, will feature next week's installment of this biography.

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

WHEN Jacob Meyer was fifteen years old he applied for the job of janitor at the post office in his native town of Bratovsk. To his great delight he was accepted; but when they asked for his signature on a formal blank, he had to admit that he could neither read nor write — couldn't even sign his name. Jacob didn't get the job.

That defeat was an important milestone in his life. He made up his mind to show the authorities what a fine person they had missed because of their stupid rules.

Never did any one work so hard, never was any one more thrifty. In time he saved enough money to come to America and open a dry-goods store. Before many more years he was the merchant prince of a great American city.

But even then he wasn't satisfied — in his dreams he saw a chain of stores in many American cities. He discussed his plan with a banker, who agreed to lend him ten million dollars.

"And now," said the banker, " if you'll sign here . . ."

Jacob Meyer shook his head. "I can neither read nor write."

The banker was dumfounded. "And you've achieved all this in spite of such a handicap? What would you have been if you had been able to read and write? "

" I would have been," said Jacob Meyer, gazing into space, " janitor of the post office in my native town of Bratovsk! "

Ronald Richards.

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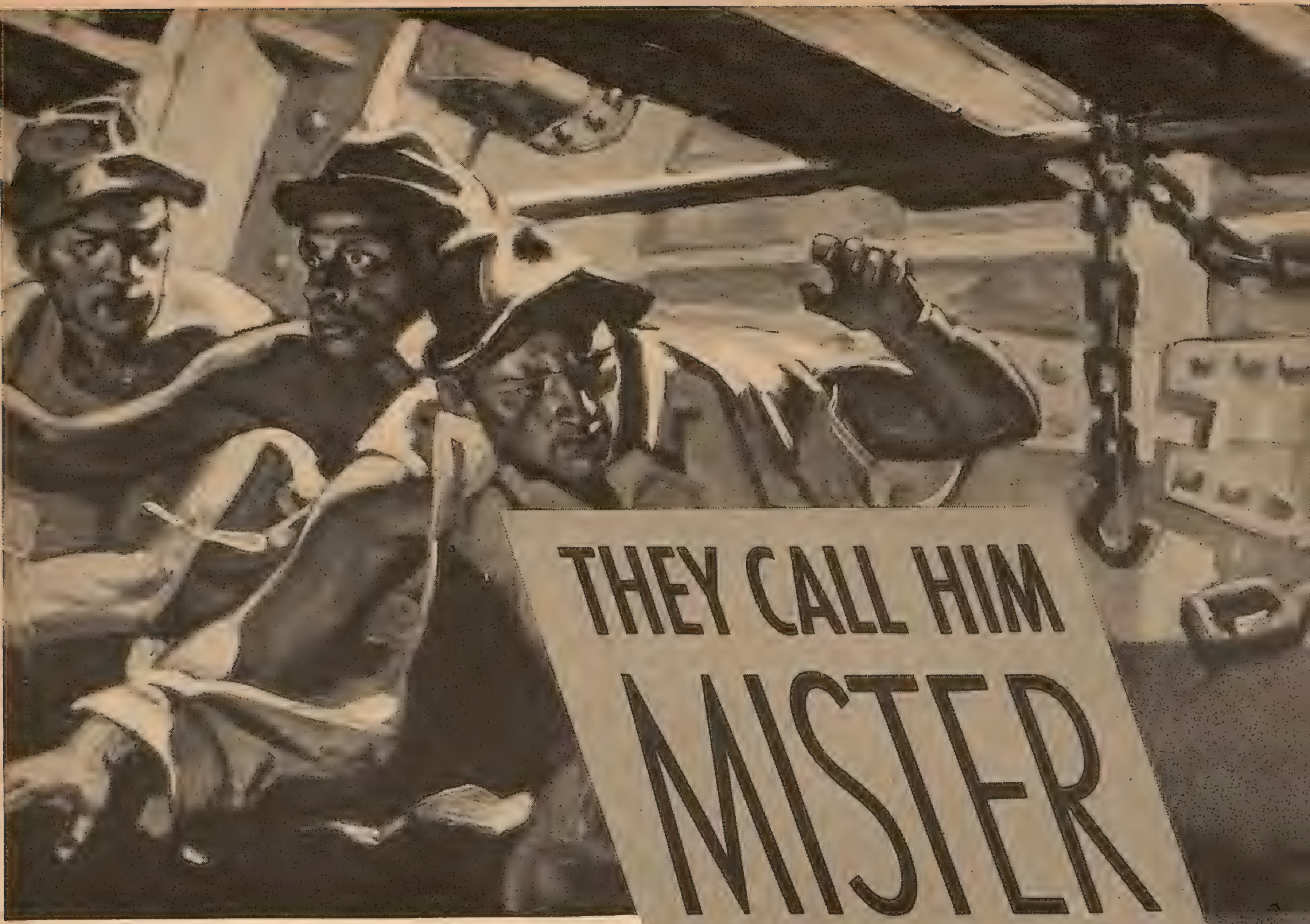


THEY CALL HIM MISTER

BY BORDEN CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HE still looked like a soldier. Even the dirt and slime of his tunnel clothes couldn't hide the crisp straightness that had become a part of him. And then there was that aggressiveness. It said James T. Cluney had once been Major Cluney of the Army Engineers.

He seated himself upon a bale of hay that lay on the tunnel floor. Salt hay. Stuff the miners used up forward in the heading. They were tough men, those miners. Major Cluney always thought of the firing step of a trench in France when he watched them at work. He'd seen them there, too. Sappers, they called them in the army. Fellows who tunneled under the German trenches and blasted a way for the infantry. That is, they blasted a way if the Germans didn't beat them to it with a countermine. Then they were buried and new miners went in.

It was much the same in the tunnel. Even though the major was new to the trade, he had seen the river break through and bury three good miners. The river was the enemy down here, and it was a patient enemy. It would wait for days and suddenly reach in and grab a man. Quickly. Sometimes it would kill a dozen before it was driven back.

The major enjoyed fighting the river. He wished he could go against it with a shovel as the miners did. Or at least give orders, as he had in the army. But his job here was a negative affair. As an engineer employed by the Tunnel Commission, he must watch the work and see that it came up to specifications. If it wasn't right, Major Cluney could call a halt. That was the limit of his authority.

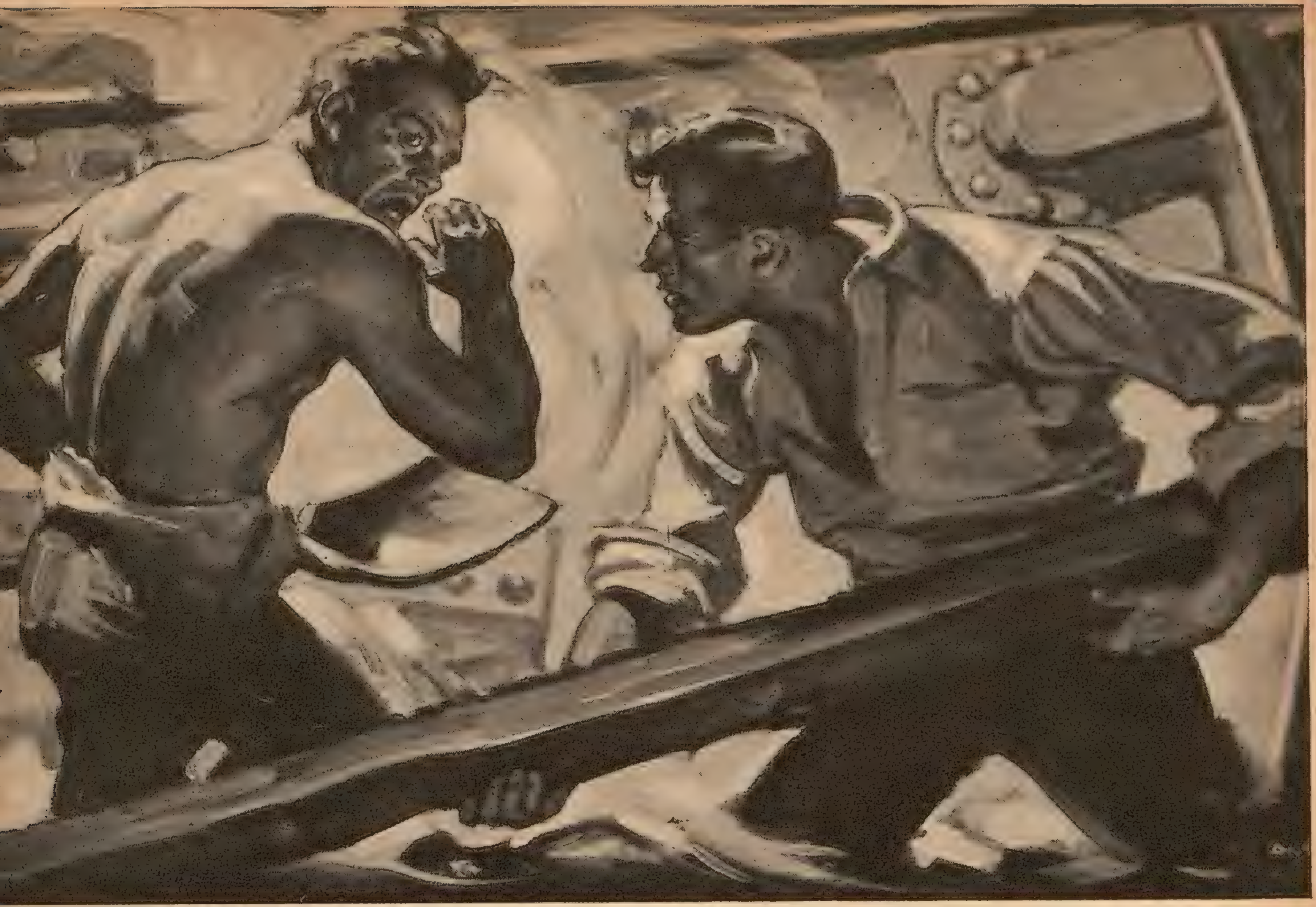
There was another soldier in the tunnel who gave the orders. Or rather, Mike Donnegan had been a soldier. He'd signed up with the Engineers in 1917 to trade steel with those guys from Germany. Or maybe to meet those mademoiselles from Armentières. And Mike had never got over it. Months of drilling. Rain and more rain. And at the end of it all a shovel with which to dig in the mud. Yes, it had been a rotten war and Mike was glad it was over. He'd spent most of his time getting into and out of trouble with young hop-o'-my-thumb officers. Fellows like Major Cluney who expected a salute and a " mister " when a man talked to them. Devil take the lot of them. There were no misters in the tunnel.

Now, as boss of the best tunnel gang that ever stepped into a river heading, Mike was weighted down with an ex-army man for an engineer. A big fellow and well muscled. Mike was quick to admit that. A man who looked as though he might handle himself well in a bit of a brawl for all his funny little toothbrush mustache and fine straight nose. But he'd been a major in the Engineers. He thought like a soldier. And Mike wanted no part of him.

Tunnel routine brought Mike to the major. He nudged the engineer's shoulder with a wide thumb and pointed to the iron shell of the tunnel.

" We're waiting for you to inspect the iron," he said. " Hurry it up. We're behind time this shift."

Hearts of men against death and a river!—The story of a shining accolade for courage



"Get out, you fool!" Donnegan laughed. "Get out. They don't give medals for this."

The major's chin went out. He didn't like Donnegan's tone. It was as though a sergeant had stepped out of ranks and issued an order. True, the heading boss was in command here in the tunnel but his authority did not include the engineer.

"Is the iron tight?" the major asked.

"Would I ask you to inspect it if it were not?"

Perhaps there was a chip on the major's shoulder when he picked up a seventy-five-pound wrench and tested a bolt. Two huge Senegalese had been twisting the nut hard up to the washer. They were big fellows. They had to be big men to swing wrenches for Mike Donnegan. For two solid hours in forty pounds of compressed air the ironmen bent over long-handled wrenches bolting together iron segments that made up the tunnel shell. And it was the major's job to see that the bolts were tight before the next step in construction was taken. When he threw the weight of his shoulders against the third nut it turned slightly.

"A bad one," he said. Slowly he tested the entire circle and marked off three bolts that were loose. "Tighten them before you shove."

"I'll put two men on them later," said Mike. "No use losing time."

"Do it now," said the major.

"But I—"

"Now," said the major.

He knew the gangs fought for speed when a tunnel was being driven. He had heard the men boasting of the progress made each shift. And he knew he was delaying the work. By his orders the huge steel shield that fitted over the forward part of the tunnel could not be forced ahead into the river bed until the iron was tightened. But it was all according to rule. And rules were made to be obeyed. Perhaps other engineers allowed the heading bosses to bend these rules a trifle. The major didn't know. And he wasn't interested. He watched the ironmen work.

"The iron is tight," said Mike Donnegan presently.

"We'll see," said the major.

Once again he tested the nuts with the heavy wrench. One was bad. He pointed to it. Donnegan spat on the nut and looked at the major's fine straight nose.

"You stiff-backed fool," said Donnegan. "You're spoiling a good gang's record. A record they've held for months. Do you know that?"

"I know there's a bolt that needs tightening."

"I tell you we'll get it later."

"The rules say you'll get it now."

"Rules!" cried Donnegan.

"I didn't make them," said the major. "But it's my job to see they're obeyed."

"Devil fly away with you and your rules," said the heading boss. "Didn't God put lids on your eyes to close them at a time like this?"

"Tighten that bolt, Donnegan."

"Looking for trouble, eh?" said the heading boss. "You'll get it."

The major met Donnegan's long stare evenly. There would be no truce in the tunnel now. The heading boss was out to get the engineer. If he could, he would drive him from the tunnel—from all tunnels. And the men of the gang would back their foreman. The major heard them muttering as they waited for the bolt to be tightened. He saw the heading boss watching. Waiting. Thinking. When the Senegalese stepped away from the wrench he tested the bolt and found it good.

"The iron is tight," he said. There was a military crispness to his speech. "You may shove now, Mr. Donnegan."

The *mister* slipped out unasked. A throwback to years of army training. But Mike Donnegan caught it. His grin was wide and hard.

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Cluney," he said. And he turned to the men of his gang. "Mr. Cluney says that Mr. Donnegan may now shove the shield."

There was laughter from the muckers. The iron gang picked it up and shouted with black men's joy. It was passed along to the miners. Cockney Wilson came through the center pocket of the shield. He bowed low and doffed a mud-grimed hat.

"We thanks ye kindly, Mr. Cluney!" he cried.

The major walked toward the forward end of the tunnel. His cheeks were pulled in and he looked straight ahead. He had given Mike Donnegan an opening. And laughter was the order of the day from this time forward. Each word of the major's would meet with exaggerated politeness. He was to be laughed out of the tunnel. And a man can't fight laughter.

He heard Donnegan giving orders for the shove. Men stood with measuring sticks on both sides of the tunnel. One end of each stick was held against the shield. As it moved ahead they called the progress in half inches. The major's duty would be to check the movement. He glanced at his orders and nodded to the heading boss.

"Whenever you're ready, Mr. Donnegan," he said.

Laughter greeted the order. But it was not quite so loud. The gang knew that second mister had been deliberate. There had been the ring of a curse in it. And the gang liked a man who tried to fight back.

Donnegan bowed low. The shield driver, a mechanic who manipulated the controls, spun his handles. Tons of hydraulic pressure surged against the huge steel cylinder and forced it into the river bed. Compressed air jetted through cracks that appeared in the face. Fog closed in. It sprang out of nowhere. It clustered about the lights and lifted upward along the rounded black walls. Each man had his shroud. A moving phantom that shouted answers to a master phantom. Mike Donnegan was making a shove.

The major glanced up at the miners. They were naked to the waist. Their shovels loosened the sand. Near by were three heavy wooden beams that held the weight of the forward wall. They spoke when the pressure came. Tons of sand and water bent them like giant bows.

"How are we doing, Mr. Cluney?" called the heading boss.

"Very well, Mr. Donnegan."

The major would play it through. He heard laughter again in the fog. And as though the tunnel would join in the joke, the escaping air lifted its voice. Thin at first. But louder and harsher as it poured into a split in the face. Then it screamed.

"Plug up that crack!" called Donnegan. "Do you want the river in your laps?"

THE major watched the numbers on the rules. But he knew what had happened. The shield had run into a fissure in the river bed. A thin slot extended up through the sand. Perhaps no larger than a man's wrist, but the compressed air had found it.

Bags, boards, clumps of salt hay, and sacks of mud were fed to the opening. The air grabbed these offerings and swept them forward into the river bed. The miners were cursing. They fought like men at the breech of a gun. Feeding it. Always more. They had to stuff that hole before the pressure melted away.

Now Donnegan was with them. A plank was whipped from his great arms. It lashed against the face of the tunnel. It splintered and was whirled into maelstrom. The shield was moving slowly. A quarter inch. An inch. Minutes went by. Or hours. The major didn't know. He saw mist-wrapped figures tossing planks and bales of hay in to the miners. And then he saw a mucker's face. The man was afraid.

"Time to go!" cried the mucker.

"It's coming in!" yelled the shield driver.

Water was in the sand that swirled about the major's knees. But in the forward end of the shield the miners fought on.

"Run for it," said a mucker. "Nothing for us to do."

He was right. It was the miners' battle. Muckers, ironmen, the shield driver—every man in the tunnel was free to save himself now. Only the miners and the heading boss must stay to hold back the river. Something held the major. It was as though the enemy had stormed a trench and routed his command.

There was a plank near by. He grabbed it, ran forward, and passed it to the heading boss.

"Here you are, Donnegan," he said.

"Get out, you fool!" And then Donnegan saw the man who offered the plank. He laughed. "Get out, Mr. Cluney. They don't give medals for this."

The major looked about. The forward section of the shield was like something imagined by a fevered lunatic. The miners were naked. Stripped of every rag and screaming like the compressed air that rushed into the opening before them. It was a whirlpool now. Sand, planks, and bags twisted in a mad dance that found its end in a spreading hole. Long streamers of mist raced from the tunnel and were caught by the funneling air.

"Get out, miners!" cried Donnegan. "And take that man with you."

The miners backed away. One man stumbled and lurched toward the hole. The air caught him and he was gone, hurtling upward in a horrible twisted leap. The major turned his head into the blast. Behind him he heard Donnegan cursing the miners for their slowness.

Why hadn't the miners left the tunnel sooner? This wasn't war. They were workmen, paid to build a tube beneath a river. The major turned the question in his mind as he ran. Water was about his knees and it was slow going. He stumbled over a tool and laid open a gash in his arm. The lights were flickering. If they failed, no man could find his way up-tunnel in blackness. But the miners had fought to the last minute. Could it be pride? Pride in their work? Pride of trade?

"They could have run," he said aloud.

HE was ashamed, remembering that a few short moments past he had spoken to these men of rules. What difference if some stupid rule were twisted to conform? Suppose he had closed his eyes? The tunnel would have been built. A good tunnel. And this gang—his gang—would have kept their pride.

"It's coming, men!" called a voice from down-tunnel. "Every one for himself now!"

It was Donnegan who had stayed but could hold the river back no longer. The major heard him splashing, leaping and helping himself forward with those long arms of his. Soon he was at the major's shoulder. Two miners were just ahead.

"Ah, God!" one cried. He pitched forward.

The major saw the miner's leg twisted where there was no joint. He saw the man trying to pull himself along with a single leg and two arms. But there was no cry for help. Donnegan had said it was every man for himself. The miner knew the rules. He asked no quarter.

The major stopped. For a moment he forgot the tunnel. He forgot the black river racing toward him. Again he was back in France with a group of miners caught in a raid. They were his men. His soldiers.

"There's a man down, Donnegan," he said.

"Run, you fool," answered the heading boss.

"There's a man down, *Mister* Donnegan!"

It came like the burn of a whip. A major was speaking to a sergeant and Donnegan stopped.

"Save yourself, man," he said. "'Tis the rule of the tunnel."

"The devil fly away with your rules," said the major. He put an arm beneath the miner's shoulder.

"I've heard that said before," grinned Donnegan. And he lifted the miner's legs.

The river chased them. It was a black river that flowed into a black iron tube. It had claimed one man and wanted more. It caught at their legs. Slowed them. The white fog clouded their eyes. But Donnegan was a giant of a man. And the major was an officer. Soon they reached the decompression lock at the far end of the tunnel. The iron door of the lock swung closed and turned back the river. Then thirty tired men stared at the engineer and the heading boss who carried a miner.

"Saints above," a mucker said, "if it isn't Cluney!"

"'Tis Mister Cluney to you, me son," said Donnegan.

Tunnel men are proud men. They seldom dignify a man with the title they have given to Mr. James T. Cluney, formerly of the Army Engineers.

THE END

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READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Second Choice

BY INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

ALL her life Agatha Murray had been second choice.

Not until after she had reached that perturbing period which comes in the middle teens, and which one may describe as the age of reflection, did Agatha herself realize this disturbing fact. She could look through the vista which led back to her childhood and see clearly enough that, in the games at the parties she attended, the boys never singled her out from the other girls to eat their ice cream with.

She could look back to the later period of her early teens when she began to go to dances. Then, too, she never knew what it was, when the music started, to see a boy hurrying in her direction. Sometimes she—and always with the least desirable partner—was the last to step on to the floor. Occasionally she sat out a dance. It was not that she was definitely unpopular. She was always second choice.

Now, when she had reached her middle teens, she was no more popular than ever. She knew that her invitation to the current dance—if any—would come late. This meant—and she was keen enough to realize it—that the boy who finally asked her had previously asked at least one other girl and perhaps two. Sometimes no boy approached her and her brother served as escort.

Naturally Agatha did not like this. Naturally she thought a great deal of the probable cause and the possible cure. Often she examined her face and figure in the glass, wondering what she so conspicuously lacked that other girls apparently so conspicuously possessed.

Agatha was a slender girl of medium height, a little too thin perhaps, with the athletic figure typical of the girl of the period, for of course she drove a car, rode horseback, played tennis and golf, swam. She had a square pleasant face which showed no pretensions to beauty.

However, all that could be done to help her looks, a wise mother had had done. The best dentists made her teeth white and regular. The best hairdressers gave her the perfect bob and wave. The best shops provided her with the correct clothes. But no agent could actually enamel beauty on her rather large and irregular features. She could darken her eyelashes, but she could not make them long or thick. She employed the slight make-up that the girls of her set affected. But nothing could make her rather uninteresting freckled skin really beautiful.

"Of course I'm not the least bit pretty," Agatha meditated wistfully, gazing at her reflection in the mirror. "Daisy Felton isn't pretty either. Yet she always has an escort and a partner. But then," she added honestly, "no one of our set is so cute as Daisy. And of course I'm not what you would call a swell dancer," she would go on analytically, "although I think I'm good enough. Mary Wales isn't such a smoothie either. Yet she dances every dance. But then," again honest; for Agatha was always honest both with herself and others, "Mary is such a card. If I were a boy, I'd dance with her as often as I could. The truth of the matter is," Agatha sighed as she faced this admission, "and I might just as well realize it, I have no S. A."

When it finally dawned upon Agatha that she lacked a quality which no amount of effort on her part could develop, she fell into a kind of melancholy. What was worse, she developed bitterness. She found herself inwardly criticizing the girls she liked best, making comparisons of a highly unpleasant nature. Fortunately she kept all this to herself. For suddenly, with a kind of shock of self-contempt, she snapped out of her discouraged mood. And as she had confided her bitter thoughts to nobody, she had nothing to regret.

"After all," she said to herself, "if I haven't got S. A., I haven't got it. And that's that! I've got to go on without it. And I'm not going to let the fact that I'm not so attractive as other girls make any difference in my life. I'm going to behave not only as though I were the most charming girl in the world but as though I were having a swell time every minute."

Agatha held faithfully to her resolution. She accepted what invitations she received in the spirit of the greatest possible joy. Even when she suspected that she was the third or fourth girl her escort had called up, she said, "How nice of you to invite me, Harry! Of course I'm delighted to go. And I always enjoy dancing with you."

On the few occasions when she was cut in upon at a dance, she was never effusive. But she was always careful to thank the boy she left and the boy she joined. When she had to sit out a dance, she sat in the group of other non-dancers, keeping up as cheerful a patter as possible. Sometimes she spent these fallow intervals with the chaperons.

It was as though Agatha sensed that terror of very young people in which many middle-aged people live. For she talked what she described to herself as "a blue streak" with her friends' mothers, fathers, and aunts. The result was that Agatha became the most popular girl in the town with parents. And the importance of that, of course, is something that the young-in-their-teens never realize. Agatha did not realize it any more than her contemporaries. She was never to know how mothers, in making up lists of invitations, tried always to favor her.

Inevitably Agatha had more leisure than the other girls of her set. She was not lazy; and moreover, the effort to cure herself of that inferiority complex urged her to all kinds of sports. She perfected her golf and tennis, her swimming and diving. Gradually she became a favorite choice when people were making up quartets for a foursome at golf or mixed doubles in tennis. She was not a brilliant player, but she was steady. She went on to the Country Club golf and tennis teams. She swam in all the club races. Silver cups began to accumulate on the mantel in her dining room.

Nevertheless life was not easy for Agatha. Sometimes, for instance, there were the after-the-dance parties to which she was not invited. And sometimes on her way home with her brother—knowing that her lively group had gone somewhere for late

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

In her early teens, when she began to go to dances, she never knew what it was to see a boy hurrying toward her.

Can a girl attain popularity and love without sex appeal?—Here's a candid snapshot of one who did

ham and eggs—the tears would well into her eyes in spite of her best efforts toward philosophy.

But she held to her resolution that she would not let her lack of S. A. ruin her life. And it did not. Perhaps some people would have said it made it.

Now this is not one of those fairy tales of fiction in which the plain good girl becomes by some mysterious means inordinately attractive and finally, in the face and eyes of all the most beautiful girls of her set, marries the Prince Charming for whom all are angling.

That did not happen to Agatha and nothing remotely like it happened. But it was remarkable how soon Agatha, keeping religiously to her code of being a good sport in any circumstances, became— I don't know quite how to put it. I cannot say that she developed into the most popular girl in town, for there were other girls, both beautiful and charming, who led in this respect. Perhaps I can put it that she became the most dependable girl in town.

She became popular with her own sex, because the girls realized that not only was she not jealous of them but that she was actually interested in them. They confided in her, and they tended to make a companion of her. Often, in getting up a picnic or a trip to the nearest beach resort, they thought first of Agatha. She was always pleasant to have around.

She became popular with the other sex because the boys developed, quite unconsciously to themselves and to Agatha, a special feeling about her. In the first place, they knew she was not maneuvering to get them away from the heartthrob of the moment. In the second place, they knew she would never knock any other girl. Almost invariably, males—for their sex has for countless generations developed the sporting sense—like the girl who never knocks, who says only pleasant words about her popular girl friends, and who has the good sense not to add further derogation to the unpopular ones.

The boys of Agatha's set gradually became conscious of a sense of ease, comfort, and relaxation when they were with her. They, like the girls, began to make a confidante of her. Agatha became a repository of many secrets. She heard both good and evil and surmised more. But the boys knew they could trust her. She kept her lips locked.

More and more, as the stags surveyed the rows of girls sitting around the dance hall, they acquired the habit of this kind of mental decision: "Oh, there's good old Agatha! Guess I'll have a talk with her."

Just rounding the twenty-year-old mark, Agatha enjoyed a kind of pale, belated bellehood. Understand me, she was no more a whirlwind among men than she had ever been. No boy was hers completely. But a great many liked her. I'm even going to be old-fashioned and say they "respected" and "esteemed" her. For respect and esteem were what they felt.

And this was all the result of saying to herself, "I'm second choice and perhaps I'm destined to be second choice all my life. But I'm not going to let it hurt me and I'm going to make the best of it."

Perhaps you would like to know what happened further to Agatha.

I have said that she did not marry Prince Charming. But as a matter of fact she was the first in her group to marry at all. There came, one year, to the town where she spent her summers a student working his way through college who took a position as assistant greenkeeper at the local Country Club. He was not handsome or fascinating. He was, however, extremely able and likable. He became very popular in the young set. But from the moment he put his eyes on Agatha he seemed to be blind to the existence of any other girl.

Peter Wenthell was a biologist—a research man. After they were engaged, he said, "I shall never be a rich man, Agatha, for I'm interested only in the scientific end of my game, not the financial one. But I think I can make enough for us and our children to live simply."

"That's the only way of life I know," Agatha answered quietly. "It's the only way of life I want."

WHEN last I saw her, Agatha was the mother of four children. They were still living simply and were extremely happy. Their home was the focus of entertainment for the young fry. The curious thing, too, was that Agatha was achieving an early middle-aged handsomeness. Her thin body had filled out a little. Her face had, so to speak, grown to her features. Her abundant hair and her white teeth were as good as ever. Her black lace evening dress brought out all these pleasant values.

On this occasion she was chaperoning her oldest daughter, Rosemary, to a dance of young people in their early teens. I happened to sit beside an elderly man. His son joined us.

"Rosemary's a lovely girl," his father approved.

"She's got what it takes," his son agreed cheerfully.

"But she can't hold a candle to what her mother was at her age!" the father declared.

"Mrs. Wenthell certainly must have been a wow!" the boy agreed. "Gosh, she must have just dripped S. A. when she was a girl!"

THE END

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD Woman

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HEFFRON

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

Tears turn to laughter, romance rides high—and so farewell to a colorful drama of the rise of a fallen star

IT was Caslon of Warner Brothers. He had a small part he thought Sharon could play. Would she report at nine o'clock the next morning?

"Yes," Sharon said. "Oh, yes."

"It's always like that, Hera Lavelle," Holly said. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Sure," I said. "But some day the marines won't land in the nick of time. And then what?"

"So long as we trust in God," she said, "there'll always be marines."

I got up at six o'clock the next morning. I was as crazy as Holly to see the excitement of getting Sharon properly dressed and on her way.

"You don't need to be a bit worried," I said to her as she got into her car. "I'll take care of everything."

It was swell to be with Holly all day long, and all night too. It was wonderful to realize I'd never have to wear corsets again, or shoes too tight for me; that I'd nevermore have to bother about my hair, or my weight, or my complexion—that for the rest of my natural life I could be just an ordinary hausfrau, and nobody'd give a tinker's dam how fat and sloppy I became.

After dinner Sharon would talk about her day. There had been tests. She had been busy with the hairdresser, the manicurist, and the other experts.

"But what's your part?"

Every night I asked that question. And every night she said she didn't know. Friday night, though, she had brought home a script. She had a dozen lines to speak.

Holly screamed with joy at that announcement.

"Oh, we must have Solano in!" she cried. "He'll be so thrilled! He's so proud of you, Sharon!"

"I'll get him," I said.

I hadn't seen Solano, I remembered then, in several days. I suddenly felt guilty—because I hadn't even missed him.

There wasn't any light in his house. That scared me.

"Solano!" I called.

He was sitting in the kitchen, his head in his hands. He hadn't heard me. He looked up when I turned on the light, and stared at me, and didn't know me. His dog wagged his tail, but didn't come to me, didn't bark.

"Solano!" I said again.

He smiled. He bounced up. He came running toward me, holding out his arms.

"Ach, Hera," he said, and kissed my hand. "I was thinking of you. I look up—and there you are!"

"Don't tell me you've gone blind," I said.

"Ach, no. It is nothings. It will be a long time yet, Hera, before I am blind."

"You've been sick."

"And you have worried? Don't be frightened, Hera. It was nothings. It is gone."

He flipped a cart wheel backward, and his dog raced in happy frantic circles about the kitchen. And in his racing he disturbed half a dozen empty cans.

I picked one up and looked at it.

Beans—two cans for fifteen cents—all day Tuesday.

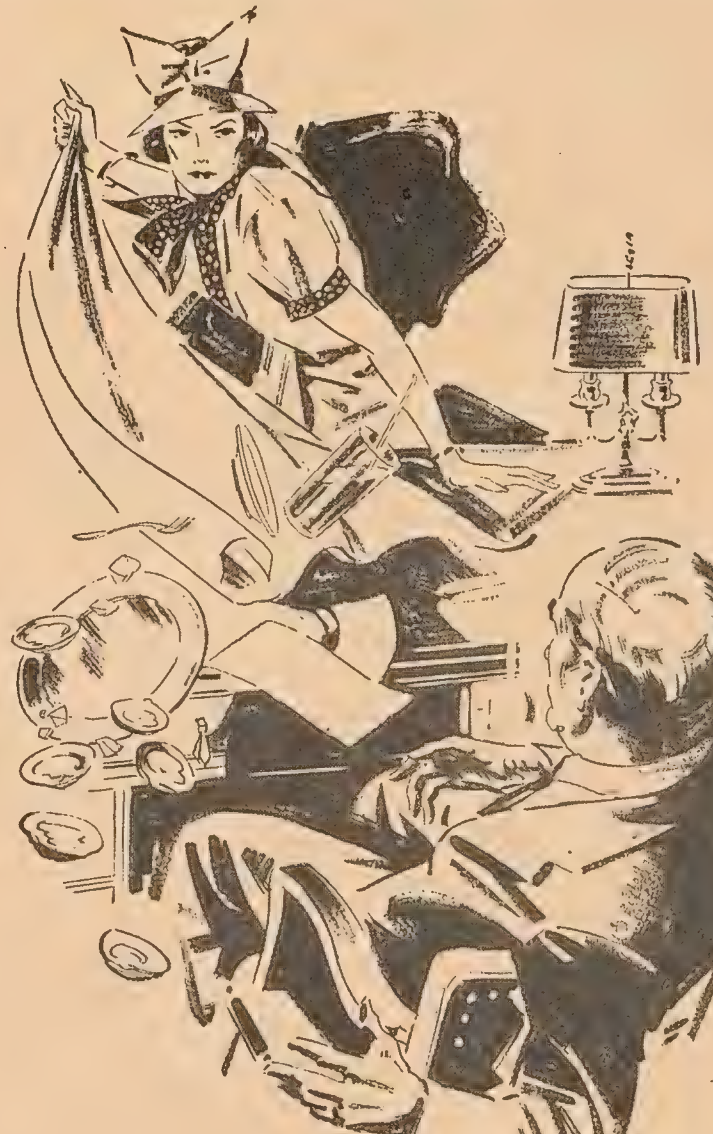
I kicked the can back under the stove and said, "Let's go!"

We met young Pemberton at the front door.

"Here's your audience, Sharon," I said. "Let's see you do your stuff."

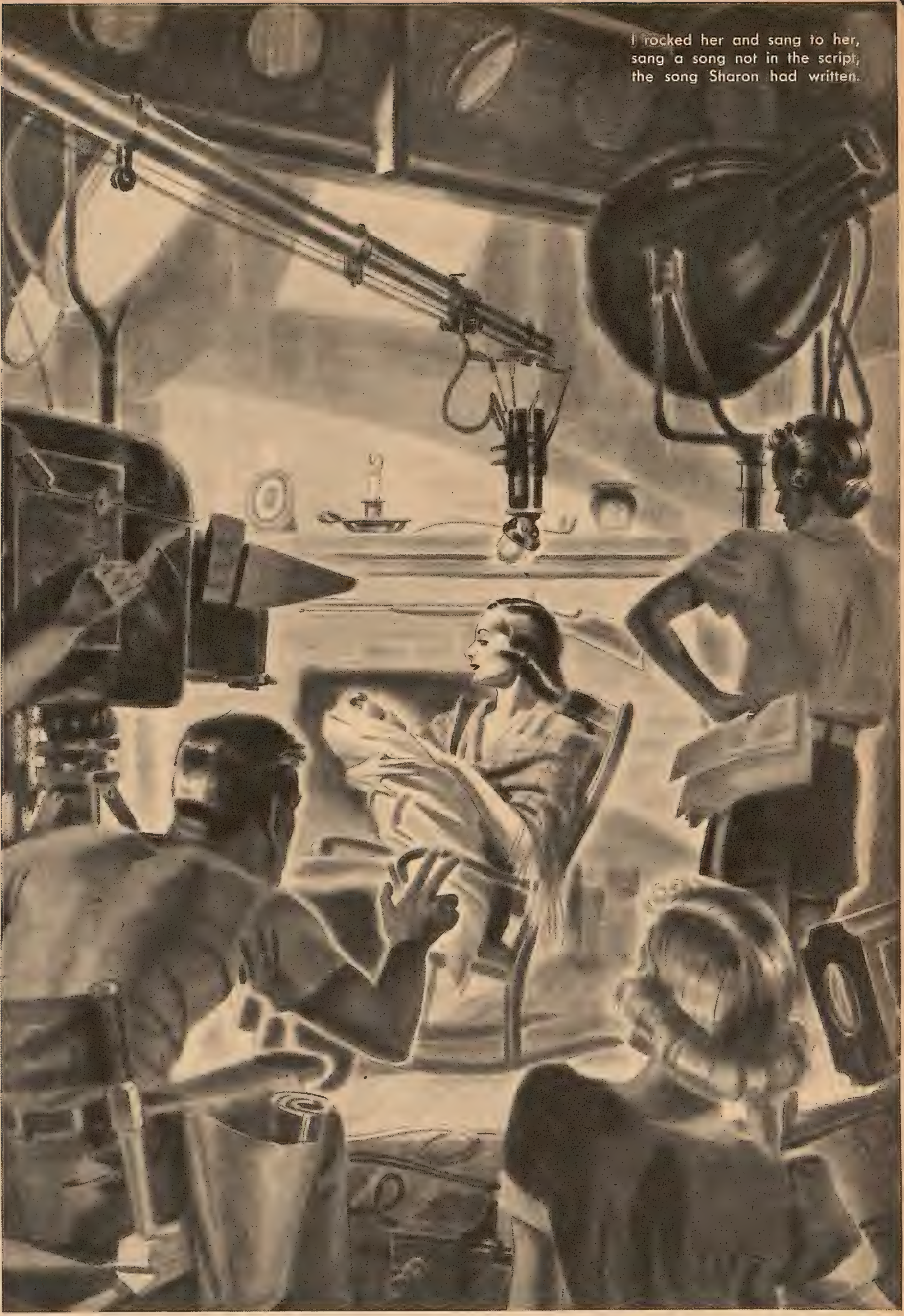
It was one of those things like Pippa Passes—if you remember it. Or The Passing of the Third Floor Back. A guy goes around like a Boy Scout doing good deeds. Sharon is having a rough-and-tumble workout with her boy friend when this Joe Dokus comes along and patches it up. She and the b. f. are just incidental to the story. If they're not good they'll wind up on the cutting-room floor.

Pemberton and I arranged the chairs in a sort of semicircle in the living room, facing Sharon, who stood, with the script shaking in her left hand, directly under the arch in the doorway.



"We're in a little alcove, Ben and I," Sharon explained. "I'm a Venetian maiden and he's a gondolier. Back of us is a great opened window looking down on the city. Some one, just below the window—you can't see him—is singing Pagliacci."

I said, "Now play it, Sharon."



I rocked her and sang to her, sang a song not in the script, the song Sharon had written.

She tried. And she was as moving as a salted mackerel somebody had forgotten to salt.

"Let me show you," I said. "I'll play your part. Pemberton can be Benvenuto."

I knew the lines, having heard them half a dozen times. And so did Pemberton.

Sharon tried again and again; but she was still as hammy as ever.

"Be frightened!" I screamed at her once. "And be mad. So mad you want to kill. Don't stand there making faces at the man. And when you make up with him, break. Break up like an iceberg going to pieces. Give!"

It was no use. She couldn't do it.

I wasn't surprised, of course, when the studio gave her the bum's rush. She was the loveliest girl in Hollywood, and the worst actress in the world. But she'd made a little money, so we lived all right for a while. After that, though . . .

Always we hoped Sharon would be called as an extra at one of the studios. But no call came. Pemberton came every night—to take me to a movie—but he could get no work for Sharon.

I left him alone with Sharon one night after we came back from a movie. Purposely. I'd scarcely got into my room when I heard him talking. You know how thin the walls are in Hollywood. He was asking her to marry him. Knowing he hadn't a chance. And the way he went at it! Ordinarily he spoke pretty good American. But not now.

"Really, I'm not half fond of you, Sharon. I am, you know. I love you. Frightfully, Sharon! Do you suppose you could ever marry any one like me?"

I didn't know whether to laugh or to bawl my fool head off. I couldn't hear what Sharon said. Her voice was soft and low. Wallproof. But I heard Pemberton again:

"Oh, my dear, I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to be so vehement. I swear I didn't. I do love you, Sharon. And I do want to marry you. Most awfully."

Silence, then Pemberton's voice again:

"I know. I know you love him. Wonderful chap and all that. But some day—maybe—you might care for me. We have a little place in Ireland. Near the sea. And another in Scotland. High up. Both of them. The air's not half bad in Scotland. Might be just the thing for Holly. Of course you might not like it. It might be lonesome for you. At first. Fair shooting though, if you like that sort of thing. And really decent horses in Ireland."

I came noisily into the living room.

"Oh," Pemberton greeted me. "Missed you, Miss Lavelle. Just going. Very pleasant evening."

He was white but smiling. And Sharon was white, but there were no smiles in her eyes.

"You should have said yes and put him out of his misery," I said, after he had gone. I didn't mean it. I just wanted to let her know I'd overheard.

"He's strong, he's brave, he has a beautiful spirit," she said softly, calmly. "He'll endure it."

"You too," I said. And I noticed how thin she'd grown, and pinched. Hunger was eating into her. Hunger for Don. "You'll endure it. But it will kill you."

I'M going to get a job," I said the next morning. "We're down to hardpan. This is our last loaf of bread. There isn't half a dollar in the house. We have no credit. We have a pot to cook in but nothing to cook in it. The rent will be due in a week."

Both Sharon and Holly protested, but I slapped them down with a few choice words, put on the glad rags, and went to the garage. There was no gas in Sharon's car, and the gauge in Solano's showed almost empty. Well, I had a dime. I hoofed it down the hill to the car line and waited for a car to come along. Then I got stingy, so I walked, taking my time—stalling. The last thing in the world I wanted was to go to Sam and beg him for a job. Yet what else could I do?

I walked right into his office as I had done the last time. And, like the last time, he was lunching and playing the ponies. There was a big dish of oysters on the half shell in front of him.

"Hello, Sara," he said, not looking up. "Eat?"

I was too done in to do more than flop in a chair and shake my head. Besides, I didn't want to talk—not yet.

He shoved an oyster around the shell. Then suddenly he looked at me.

"Look, Sara," he said. "It's no use coming here. I got no job for you."

"You think I like it?" I said. "But I've got two kids to support now, and one of them's sick."

"Huh!" he said, and stuck an oyster in his mouth. "I know what you're up against, Sara. I once had a sick kid on my hands too, and no mother there to take care of him, and no money to call in doctors. Yeah. I know how you feel—walking a sick baby around a lousy empty flat and listening to him bawl his head off. Sure I know!"

"I hope that oyster's poisoned," I said. I didn't mean it. It was all I could think of. I felt worse than if he'd lashed me with a whip. Shame? I couldn't look at him. I got up and started for the door. And then I got desperate, and I turned and went over to him, jerked the cloth off his desk, and spilled his lousy oysters on to the floor.

"All right," I said. "Spank me again. Like you did once. I know I'm all heel. I know I've done things you can't forgive. I can't forgive myself. But I've got to have a job, and you've got to give me one! I'm strong. I know my stuff. I'll give you value received."

"I can't take a chance," Sam said.

"You can take chances on horses," I said.

"But I take chances on thoroughbreds, Sara. Only on thoroughbreds. Sit down. Let's be calm about this."

I sat down. "Yes," I said, "let's be calm. A couple of months ago I was just about to jump off the bridge. I was all in. I was shot to pieces. A girl took me into her home and fed me and made me well. Now there isn't enough money in the house to feed her or her little niece. I've got to feed them—me, Sara Lent. And you've got to give me a chance. If you don't, I'll go back to that bridge, and this time I will jump over. I'm not kidding, Sam. So help me God, I mean it!"

SAM took a bottle of whisky and two glasses out of a desk drawer.

"You need a drink," he said. "You're shaking."

"To hell with you," I said. "I haven't had a drink in months, and I'll never take another drink so long as I live. I don't even want it any more. You've got a school here, Sam. I can help. I can teach your young players what it's all about. I'm still Hera Lavelle, even if I do look like hell. Give me thirty bucks a week. I'll earn it."

"Thirty bucks," he said. "Ain't that what you got from Essanay when you started?"

He punched a buzzer and his secretary came in.

"Get my son and tell him to come here right away," he said. "And order me some more oysters."

Don came bounding in.

"Hello, dad," he said. "What's on the fire?"

He was taller than I'd remembered, and leaner, and the weakness of his mouth had changed into something grim. He was well and strong. Yet there was something about him that hurt me to see—a tiredness maybe, a drawn look in his face, a pallor that reminded me somehow of the pallor of Sharon Halliday.

"Donny," Sam said—and the fatherly pride in his eyes made me start biting my fingernails—"you know this lady here?"

Don looked at me, surprised. Not pleasantly surprised, either.

"Yes," he said. "My mother."

"Yes. Your mother. Sit down, son. We got to talk this over. Calm."

My husband and my son! And I sat there looking from one to the other, feeling strange, and hostile, and irredeemably lost.

"You're paying in your own coin," I said to myself. "How do you like it?"

Don sat down and looked at his father.

"Your mother wants to work for us, Don."

"Listen," I said. "Let's cut the family stuff. I'm not here now as Mrs. Sam J. Lent. I'm Hera Lavelle and I want a job."

"In the school," Sam explained. "Teaching."

"Teaching me?" Don asked, and his lips tightened.

"You could learn a lot from me," I said.

"I already have," he said coldly.

"Like Sara says," Sam put in quickly, "let's cut the family stuff, Don. It don't get us anywhere. She is a good actress, anyway. You got to give her that. And the people she's living with are broke."

"Broke?" Don shouted, half rising from his chair.

"And Holly's deathly ill," I lied.

His mouth went soft again, but not weak. And there was pity and consternation in his eyes.

Sam buzzed, and told the girl to find Drake Pemberton.

"Dad," Don said, "there's the swellest little girl in the world. Holly Fane. She's had asthma all her life—but never a whimper out of her."

Then he whispered as though to himself, "And she thinks I'm next to God."

"We'll wait," Sam said. "If Pem says all right, all right. He's the talent scout."

We waited nearly five minutes, none of us daring to look at each other. I looked at the window and the dust storm blowing against it. It meant nothing to me at the time. Sam made two phone calls, placing a hundred dollars each on two horses.

The girl came in with fresh oysters.

"Shall I clean up this mess, Mr. Lent?"

"No," Sam said. "Let it lay till I call you. And keep the steak warm. And put more ice around the coffee. Not in it but around it, mind."

PEMBERTON arrived as Sam swallowed the last oyster. He nodded to Sam, and to Don. He came over to me then, smiling beautifully, holding out his hand.

"It's grand to see you, Miss Lavelle," he said.

Sam said, "Miss Lavelle here wants to come and teach in our school. What do you think?"

"Didn't you get my memo, Mr. Lent?" Pemberton asked.

"Memo? You sent me a memo about Miss Lavelle?"

"Weeks ago."

"You sure, Drake? I never got it."

"Maybe you didn't read it, dad," Don said, getting up and walking to the desk. "It's probably here in your so-called files."

He rummaged in the piles of paper on the desk until he found what he was looking for. He handed it to Sam.

"Well," Sam said. "No wonder. Six pages of typing. I'm a busy man, Drake. I got no time to read six whole pages of typing. You know that. Half a page—no more. Just a yes or a no, Drake. That's all I got time for."

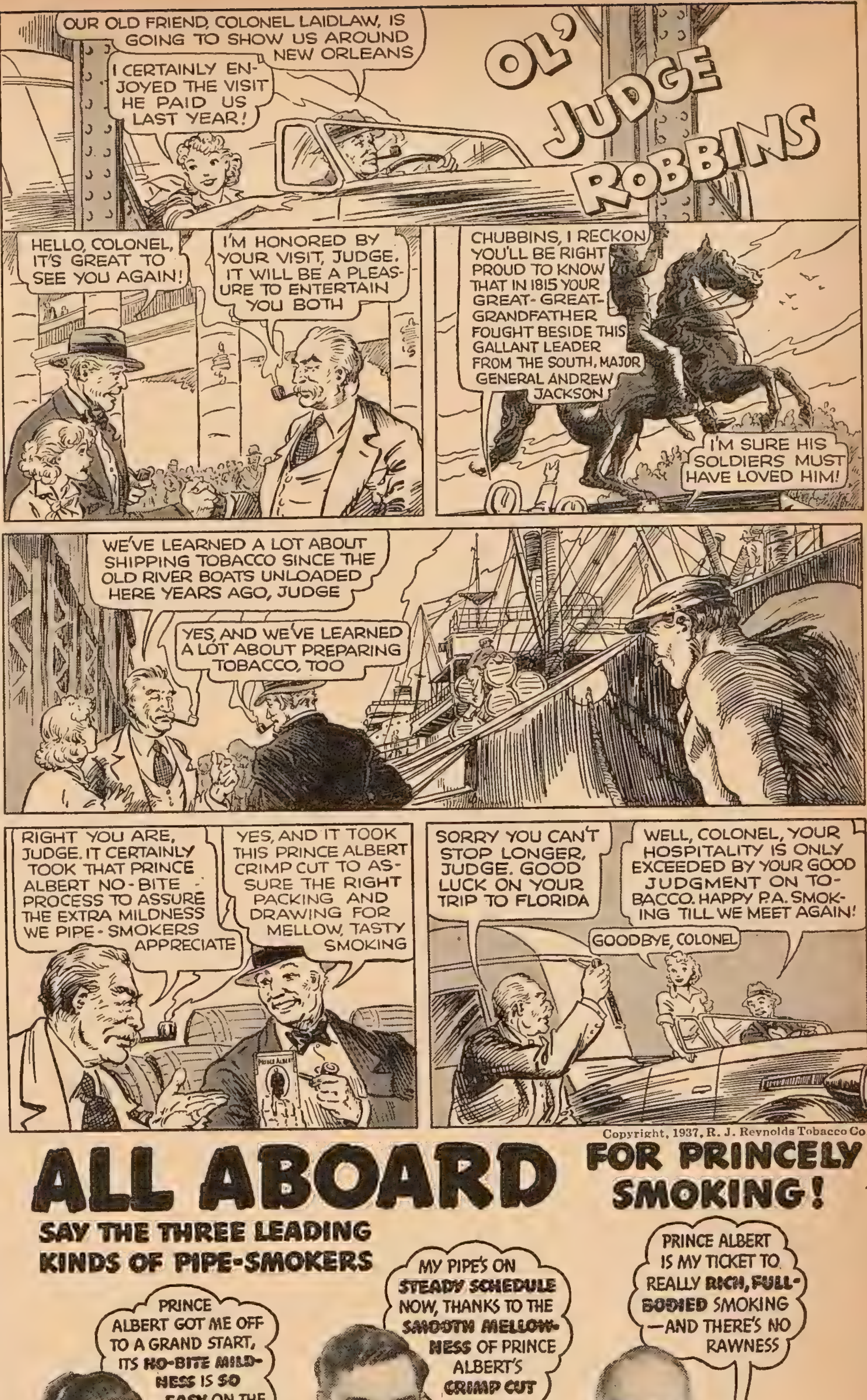
"Then," Pemberton said, "I hereby recommend Miss Lavelle most highly, Mr. Lent."

"Well!" Sam said. He'd been shopping for a no; that was plain enough.

"And I'll recommend her too, dad," Don said.

I knew he was doing it for Holly and for Sharon.

"All right, then," Sam said.


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
OUR OLD FRIEND, COLONEL LAIDLAW, IS GOING TO SHOW US AROUND NEW ORLEANS
I CERTAINLY ENJOYED THE VISIT HE PAID US LAST YEAR!
HELLO, COLONEL, IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
I'M HONORED BY YOUR VISIT, JUDGE. IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO ENTERTAIN YOU BOTH
CHUBBINS, I RECKON YOU'LL BE RIGHT PROUD TO KNOW THAT IN 1815 YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER FOUGHT BESIDE THIS GALLANT LEADER FROM THE SOUTH, MAJOR GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON
I'M SURE HIS SOLDIERS MUST HAVE LOVED HIM!
WE'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT SHIPPING TOBACCO SINCE THE OLD RIVER BOATS UNLOADED HERE YEARS AGO, JUDGE
YES, AND WE'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT PREPARING TOBACCO, TOO
RIGHT YOU ARE, JUDGE. IT CERTAINLY TOOK THAT PRINCE ALBERT NO-BITE PROCESS TO ASSURE THE EXTRA MILDNESS WE PIPE-SMOKERS APPRECIATE
YES, AND IT TOOK THIS PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT TO ASSURE THE RIGHT PACKING AND DRAWING FOR MELLOW, TASTY SMOKING
SORRY YOU CAN'T STOP LONGER, JUDGE. GOOD LUCK ON YOUR TRIP TO FLORIDA
WELL, COLONEL, YOUR HOSPITALITY IS ONLY EXCEEDED BY YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT ON TOBACCO. HAPPY P.A. SMOKING TILL WE MEET AGAIN!
GOODBYE, COLONEL

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ALL ABOARD FOR PRINCELY SMOKING!
SAY THE THREE LEADING KINDS OF PIPE-SMOKERS
PRINCE ALBERT GOT ME OFF TO A GRAND START. ITS NO-BITE MILDNESS IS SO EASY ON THE TONGUE
MY PIPE'S ON STEADY SCHEDULE NOW, THANKS TO THE SMOOTH MELLOWNESS OF PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT
PRINCE ALBERT IS MY TICKET TO REALLY RICH, FULL-BODIED SMOKING —AND THERE'S NO RAWNESS
BEGINNER
OCCASIONAL
REGULAR
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
SO MILD!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Smoother Smoking with P. A. or Money Back!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOOTHER "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO

Mother—
will your
CHILD . .

SLEEP OR COUGH TONIGHT?

Remember—Piso's Relieves Coughs Due to Colds in 2 Definite Ways

The very first spoonful of Piso's acts *both* locally and internally to relieve coughing.

LOCALLY - - you can actually feel its comforting effect the instant you swallow Piso's. Clinging to your throat, it eases tickling, hoarseness; soothes and relaxes irritated membranes that bring on coughing spells.

INTERNALLY - - Piso's acts as an expectorant (cough-loosener). Its modern formula contains two important ingredients that stimulate flow of protective throat secretions - - help loosen tight, irritating phlegm, clear air passages.

For coughs due to colds of children and adults, ask your druggist now for a bottle of Piso's (pie-so's). PISO'S 35¢ 60¢.

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS IN THE $1,000 CASH PRIZE “COUNT 'EM” CONTEST

Matches, Coupon 1, 29; large clips, Coupon 2, 13; rubber bands, Coupon 3, 25; hairpins, Coupon 4, 43; sealing rings, Coupon 5, 34; small clips, Coupon 6, 109. More than 2,000 entries had all counts correct, so that final awards were necessarily based on the merit of the accompanying statements as well as upon accuracy. On this basis the winners are:

First Prize, $500

Herbert W. Claybaugh
Van Buren, Ark.

Second Prize, $100

Lillian R. Jardin
Buffalo, N. Y.

Third Prize, $50

Robert A. Remke
New York, N. Y.

10 Prizes, $10

Ella Bankard, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Gordon Brown, Berlin, N. H.; John C. Cheska, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.; Charles F. Clairville, Newark, N. J.; Charles Dandrow, Nutley, N. J.: Mrs. Harry A. Deuser, Dallas, Tex.; Carl L. Engelhardt, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Michael Kampel, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. Mary Meins, Los Angeles, Calif.; E. W. Phillips, Nashville, Tenn.

50 Prizes, $5

Everett J. Anderson, San Diego, Calif.: Vernon Asay, Salt Lake City, Utah; Roy W. Biggs, Jr., Pond Creek, Okla.; Mrs. Dale Blomquist, Billings, Mont.; Mrs. B. J. Blore, Linton, N. D.: Mrs. Mae C. Boehles, New York, N. Y.; Marian Branson, Belle Plaine, Kan.; Helen Brooks, Lincoln, Neb.; Leo F. Carden, Albuquerque, N. M.: Thomas G. Cassell, Honolulu, T. H.; G. Chaudron, Jr., Mobile, Ala.; F. W. Covill, East Weymouth, Mass.;

(Continued on page 40)

“A hundred bucks a week to start, dad,” Don said.

Sam shook his head. “Thirty.”

“Seventy-five.”

“Thirty. Take it or leave it.”

“In her last picture she got seventy-five hundred a week,” Pemberton said.

“I'll take thirty, and thanks,” I said.

“Make a note of it, Don, before I forget it,” Sam said. He buzzed for his secretary. “Bring in my lunch. I'm hungry like a wolf.”

Don looked puzzled, and I thought I could read his mind. Had his father always treated me like that? Was that why I left him? Had he been wrong about me all these years? Was there another side to the story?

“And turn on the lights,” Sam finished. “It's getting dark in here. One o'clock and it's getting dark.”

“There's a dust storm,” Pemberton said.

And then the storm meant everything to me. I grabbed a phone and asked for Sharon's number.

Don was standing beside me, tensed.

Sharon answered.

“How's Holly taking this dust storm?” I asked.

“Bad,” Sharon said. “Very bad, Hera.”

“I'll be right home,” I said.

“I'll take you,” Pemberton volunteered.

“Report tomorrow,” Sam called as I hurried out.

We were in the car, ready to roll, when Don came running out to us. He leaped on the running board and thrust something into my hand.

“An advance on your salary,” he said. “Dad O. K.'d it. To be deducted later. I—I'm sorry about that thirty bucks. But you'll get more later. I'll see to that.”

I saw him kind of blurry. “Thanks, son,” I said. I knew it was his own money he was giving me. It was a hundred-dollar bill.

SOLANO and his dog were sitting on the front stoop.

“Ach, Hera,” Solano cried, “she is fighting for her life, that little darling.”

Sharon was in the bedroom with Holly and Dr. Hannefether. Holly lay very still in bed. There was an asthma mask strapped over her mouth and nose. One little hand lay outside the covers, palm up.

“Look,” I whispered. “Her hand. She's begging God for life.”

Sharon took me into her arms and kissed me.

“Trust in Him,” she said.

“The sensible thing would be to leave her strictly alone for a while,” Dr. Hannefether said. And his long legs started for the doorway. We followed him after a moment, and Sharon softly closed the door.

“I'll be back this evening,” he said. “But call me any time if there's any change.”

“Yes, doctor,” Sharon said. And after he'd gone she turned to me. “Hera, you must be nearly dead.”

I showed her the hundred-dollar bill.

“I've got a job,” I said. “This is a little advance on my salary.”

The blue eyes glowed.

“God sent you to us,” she said. “He knew how we needed you.” She kissed me again. “And He knew you were the only actress in this family.”

This family! My family!

“We got to celebrate,” I said, and sent Pemberton to a delicatessen. “Get some liverwurst. Some boloney. Some roast beef. Make him slice ham until he's cockeyed. Get potato salad, pickles, black olives—the kind with wrinkles in them—and if they have any caviar get a bucketful. And cheese—lots of cheese. Cram your car with food, big boy, and hurry home.”

We made Solano stay to tea. We talked for hours, Sharon or I tiptoeing to Holly's door every so often to peek in.

THE days went spinning by. Sometimes Holly was better, sometimes worse. I hated to leave her in the morning. Yet I liked working again.

I got to the studio every morning at nine o'clock. But there was never anything to do until after lunch. My pupils were busy all morning, learning how to walk, how to talk, how to dress, even how to breathe. All I had to do was show them something about acting.

The first week or so I just talked to them, showed them a few tricks. I had a class of six, three young snips of girls, and three hulking boys, including Don. They listened but I made no impression on them.

“Look,” I told Pemberton. “This is all hooey. I'm just wasting time. Why don't you let me show these kids something they can understand? Put me in costume. Give me lines. Stick me in front of a camera and under the lights. Run off a few hundred feet of me doing my stuff—and then let them see it on the screen. If they don't get me then, let some director explain it in words of one or two syllables. I hate like hell to take all this money from Sam under false pretenses.”

“Right-o!” he said. “Brilliant idea.”

And the next day I was an actress again.

I played a different role every day. Sometimes I played with all my pupils, sometimes only with one or two of them. At first I made up my own lines. And the brats did the same. It was swell training for them. But after a few weeks, when Sam saw what we were doing, I was given parts of regular scripts. I had to learn lines and get all the meat out of them.

The parts they gave me to play got better and better as the weeks went by; and the class became more and more respectful to me. Sometimes I had hundreds of people on the set, just watching me. Even Sam came to see me several times. And once he spoke to me.

“Sara,” he said, “I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself.

You're doing good. Pretty good."

"So how about a raise?" I said.

"A raise?" he said. "You know what this school is costing me? I'm shooting hundreds of feet of film every day, burning lights, giving you a good director, good cameramen, scenery, a script writer, sound men, carpenters"—he made a gesture with his hands—"the whole works. And you ask me for a raise!"

"O. K.," I said. "Forget it. We'll get by."

That night as I was walking out to the car line some one fell in step with me. I knew who he was. My heart beat so fast I couldn't look up.

"I heard him when you asked for a raise," he said. "Can I—can I help? If you need anything, can I—"

"Thanks, son," I said. "We'll get along."

"Shucks," he said. "I—I don't know what to say. I—I want to apologize to you. For—for what I've done and said. For the way I felt about you."

"No," I said. "I had it coming."

"Will you—will you—shake hands?" he said.

Poor kid! I actually believe he wanted to kiss me and call me mother, and didn't quite know how to start.

We shook hands.

"I think you're swell," he said, and beat it.

AND then the rains came. The first one fell on a Sunday afternoon. I was alone with Holly. Sharon and Pemberton were in Solano's house. Pemberton was writing the music to a lullaby she had written.

I could hear the music drifting out of Solano's old piano, and the patter of rain on the glass. Suddenly I noticed Holly. She looked cold.

"I'm tired, I guess," she said. "I think I'll go to bed."

"Sure, darling," I said, and started to undress her. I felt her forehead. It was burning up.

I put her to bed quickly, and ran for Sharon, and called the doctor.

"Just a slight cold," he said. But he didn't fool me. He didn't fool anybody.

Dr. Hannefether came back twice that night. But Holly was no better. I rubbed her for half an hour, and she smiled. "You're so wonderful, Hera Lavelle," she said. She went to sleep murmuring "Hera Lavelle, Hera Lavelle."

She was no better in the morning. Her eyes were dull. She almost cracked my heart in two when I left for work, the way she said "Good-by, Hera Lavelle."

Solano had been in. He tried his best to make her laugh—he and his dog.

"Ach, Hera," Solano said, walking part way down the driveway with me, "what shall I do? All my tricks she knows. What shall I do?"

"Pray!" I said. That from me!

That was Monday morning.

Tuesday night, just after dinner, the front door opened and an elephant bounded in and did a cart wheel. An elephant! Tusks and trunk and all. I screamed. It was the funniest thing. I went into stitches. I laughed so hard I wept. And all the time the elephant ran around the house, and every once in a while he did a cart wheel. And once he barked. But even before he barked I knew him. He barked and came rushing straight at me. I picked him up and hugged him.

And then I saw that his tusks were made of rubber, and there were great ugly stitches in his skin. I looked up and saw Solano grinning at me from the door. His eyes were red as fire. And I knew he couldn't see me.

"You stayed up all last night and all day today making this elephant," I said. "Didn't you? You ruined your eyes. Didn't you? You're blind as a bat! Aren't you?"

"Ach, Hera," he said. "It is nothings—nothings. Will it make her laugh, Hera? Will it make her smile?"

But it didn't get a smile from Holly. Only a tired fluttering of the eyelids.

I walked back home with Solano and the elephant—a subdued and unimportant little creature now. I searched around and found a bottle and poured Solano a drink.

"Solano," I said, "could you marry an ugly old woman who only makes thirty bucks a week?"

"Hera, Hera," he said, crying out of his blind old eyes, "don't say things like that! I can never laugh again."

"I mean it," I said. "Could you?"

"Always I have loved you, Hera," he said. "Always, until I die, I will love you. The thing is, though, can a woman like you bother about an old blind clown?"

So that was that.

And the next day I was fired.

WEDNESDAY. Wednesday afternoon. Dark and rainy. I was playing a mother rocking her sick baby to sleep. It was real to me—as real as breathing. There was a child in my arms, and I thought it was Holly. And I rocked her and I sang to her—sang a song not in the script, sang the song Sharon Halliday had written, sang it to Drake Pemberton's music. You know it now. You must have heard it often since then:

Droop, little head full of silk!
  Close, little eyes like blue buttons!
Now that you're filled with warm milk,
  Sleep and dream, Prince of Gluttons—
  Sleep and dream on my heart.

I sang all the verses of it, and the scene was done. The director hollered "Cut!" and the music stopped. And I came to. Everywhere I looked people were crying—carpenters, electricians, musicians, actors, actresses, even the hard-boiled script girl. Well, it didn't mean anything. I know people who'd cut their own mother's throat for a nickel who cry at movies.

But it meant a hell of a lot when Don, nearly in hysterics, came walking up and put an arm around me and dragged me off the set.

"Let me get washed up," I said. "Then will you take me home? Holly's dying. And Sharon—Sharon—"

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC equals 3 bottles of ordinary kinds
Even when diluted with 2 parts water . . . still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long. Makes your money go 3 times as far!
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WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD

If you're nursing a cold—*see a doctor!* Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will *not* shock your eliminative system.

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Now improved—better than ever!
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

"COUNT 'EM" CONTEST PRIZE WINNERS

(Continued from page 38)

Mildred Davis, Baltimore, Md.; Paul W. Donohue, Long Island City, N. Y.; R. E. Ellis, Oregon City, Ore.; Mrs. E. A. Erickson, Tacoma, Wash.; H. R. Floyd, Greensboro, N. C.; Fred H. Foster, Oxford, Ind.; T. H. Gourley, New Bedford, Mass.; James A. Green, Lincoln, Neb.; H. Edward Guest, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Al. Halderson, Sheboygan, Wis.; William Hollander, New London, Conn.; Clark Hollister, Pueblo, Colo.; Leo F. Horr, Portland, Me.; C. E. Johnson, Newport, R. I.; Edward W. Johnson, Orange, Mass.; V. Krugloff, Nutley, N. J.; Robert Larsen, Dundalk, Md.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Henry O. MacDonell, Miami, Fla.; Raquel Marquez, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Lieut. R. R. McGregor, New York, N. Y.; C. W. McVay, Valparaiso, Ind.; Edward A. Newman, White Plains, N. Y.; T. O. Perry, Huntington, W. Va.; Gunnard Peterson, New Britain, Conn.; Bruce C. Pettigrew, Chicago, Ill.; George P. Petzel, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ed. Pickering, Ollie, Iowa; Dr. H. A. Pickert, Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. B. J. Powell, Jr., Benoit, Miss.; William L. Purdy, Braintree, Mass.; Charlie Roach, Hardy, Ky.; Pearl A. Sexton, Monterey, Mexico; W. Chandler Starr, Jr., Chester, Pa.; Sylvia Stickles, Albany, N. Y.; Michael Verbish, Lawton, Okla.; Mrs. M. C. Wiley, Fort Benning, Ga.; Kenneth G. Wooten, Wilmington, N. C.

"Sure," he said, and gave me a handkerchief. "Wipe your face. I got bad news too. Dad doesn't want you here any more. You distract everybody, he says. When you're acting, everybody comes to see you—no matter what they're doing. And I think it's—it's—"

"It's all right, Don," I said. "Your father's right. He always was right. And when you get me home, for God's sake don't run out on us again."

It took us a long, long time to get home, though we went fast. Don led me into the house, his arms around me. And then he saw Sharon. And she saw him. And they went to each other, naturally, quickly. And I left them clinched and went into Holly's room. I knelt down and rubbed her little ribs, and rubbed them. There was nothing else to do.

I was rubbing away when Dr. Hannefether came in with another doctor, a specialist. I guess Don sent for him. I don't know. It might have been Pemberton. And it might have been Sam.

The two of them looked at me for a time, just watching. Then the specialist said in a funny voice, "Maybe that explains why she's still alive. Mother love sometimes can teach even the wisest of physicians."

He thought I was Holly's mother. Me!

"See what she's doing, doctor?"

"Massage?" Dr. Hannefether asked.

"In a way, yes. She's pumping warm blood into those little lungs, pumping life into them out of her fingers. This may be pneumonia, as you say. But I think there's still a chance, thanks to that—massage."

He began to shed his coat, but I kept on rubbing until he made me stop. I was half asleep in a chair when Pemberton came in the next morning, and I never found out how I got there. I took him into the bedroom. Holly was sleeping, breathing almost normally again. The specialist was still there. He was all in.

"She's doing fine," he said. We backed out, and Pemberton slipped an envelope into my hand.

"I'm going away," he said. "Back to England. But I had to say good-by. And I had to offer my congratulations."

"Oh," I said. "You've heard about Solano and me? Thanks."

I suddenly thought, I've lost my job; I can't marry Solano. And you know what? My heart dropped right down through my body and smashed on the floor. Then it came to me. I was actually in love with that rubbery blind little clown! Will miracles never cease? My damn-fool heart put itself together and came back up into my "bozoom" and began to hammer me to pieces.

"I didn't know," Pemberton said. "But I'm very glad." He kissed my hand. "I might have guessed, though. It's so like you. You look like a girl again—Hera."

Oh, a regular guy!

"Tell Sharon good-by for me, will you? Say I'm glad for her and Don—really glad. I am, you know."

I watched his car dash down the driveway. And then I opened the envelope and found a letter from Sam:

Dear Sara: What did I say about luck? I got a real picture, an epoch! It's actually good. The way we did it, I'll bet you're surprised. I was afraid you'd get drunk and walk out on me. So I give you a real script, and fed it to you crazy. Like maybe a crazy quilt. You get it? Then we put it all together and made it spell mama. And believe me, is it a hot mama! The best you ever did, Sara. So that's why I fired you. Call me as soon as you get this and we'll get together. Bring your lawyer along if you want to. But lawyers I don't like. And don't talk to nobody until you see me. You might maybe get gypped. And, Sara, I ain't the heel you think I am. That thirty bucks a week was only a gag.

Yours sincerely, SAM.

I rushed to Sharon's room.

"Look," I said. "A message from Garlic. Maybe Sam's got a new contract for me. I'll hold out for fifty smackers a week this time."

As I held out the letter to her something dropped out of the envelope on to the bed. Sharon picked it up and looked at it idly. She smiled.

"A certified check for a hundred dollars," she said. "I'm so happy for you, Hera."

She was still dopy with sleep, but she looked like a bride. She looked back at the check, shook her head.

"Maybe there's something wrong with my eyes," she said. "But I think—I think it says a hundred *thousand.*"

I LOOKED then. It did say a hundred thousand. On account. I sat down on the bed like a sack of oats. One hundred thousand dollars!

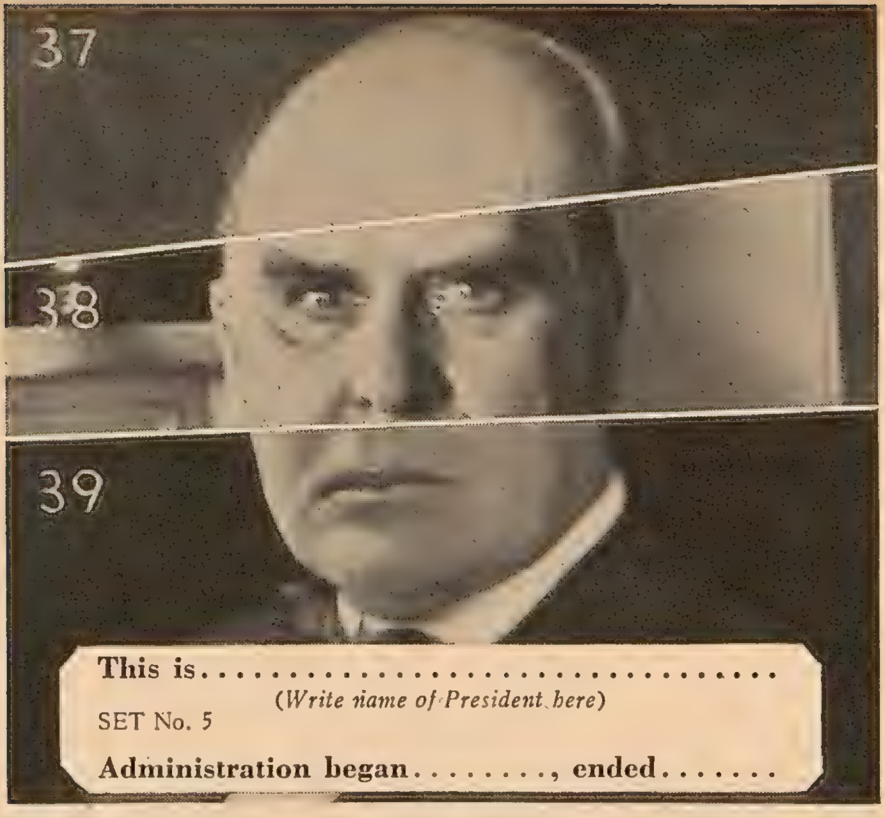
Then we heard Holly's voice in the next room, and we both started up and ran to her. Say, that was the happiest morning of my life, to see those big, clever, ardent, excited eyes looking normally again through the bang, to hear that tinkling little laugh once more, to know that Holly was herself again. And Sharon. And me too, for that matter.

Maybe you think that contract and that check were just Sam's way of leading up to the Lohengrin; forgive and forget, and get together again. You're wrong. Sam and I don't need each other. Solano needed me. And he got me. And am I happy!

So I'm Hera Lavelle again, the sweet old character actress who gets more fan mail than Joan Crawford, the eccentric star who prefers to live simply in a little hilltop bungalow, the one woman in Hollywood, according to the critics, who has somehow found the true rhythm of life, the old-timer who is as new as tomorrow morning.

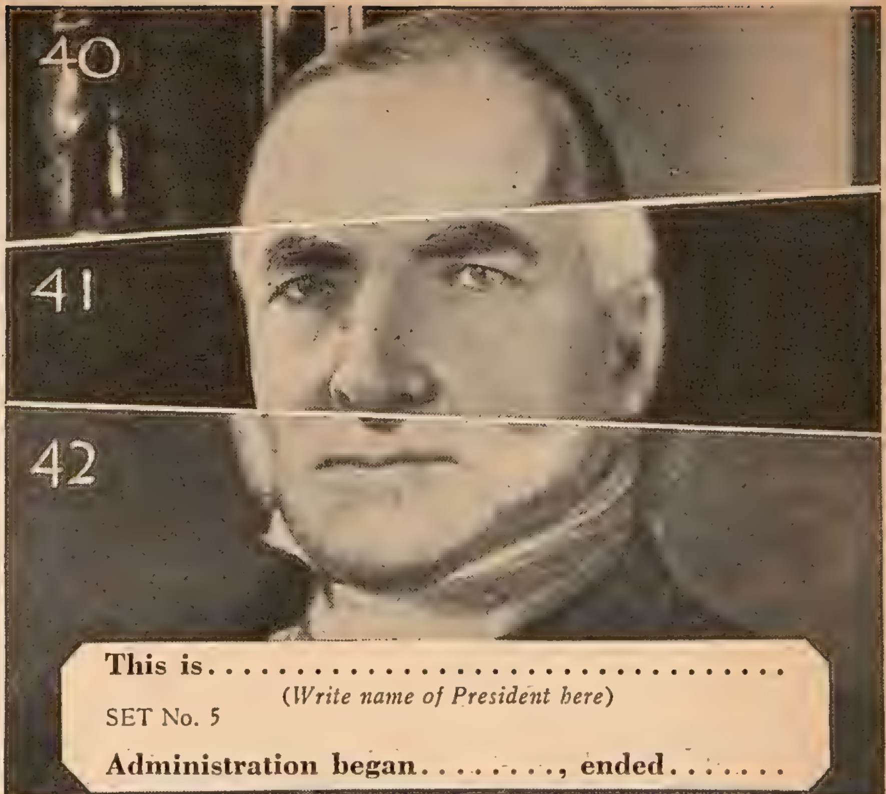
They never come back, huh? The hell they don't!

THE END



This is..............................
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 5
Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of one who negotiated the Florida Purchase; the eyes and nose are of a governor of Ohio; the mouth and chin are of a senator from that state.



This is..............................
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 5
Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of an Allegheny College student; the eyes and nose are of an Ohio newspaperman; the mouth and chin are of the son of a former President.

YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO ENTER AND WIN!

$2,500 GAME OF PRESIDENTS

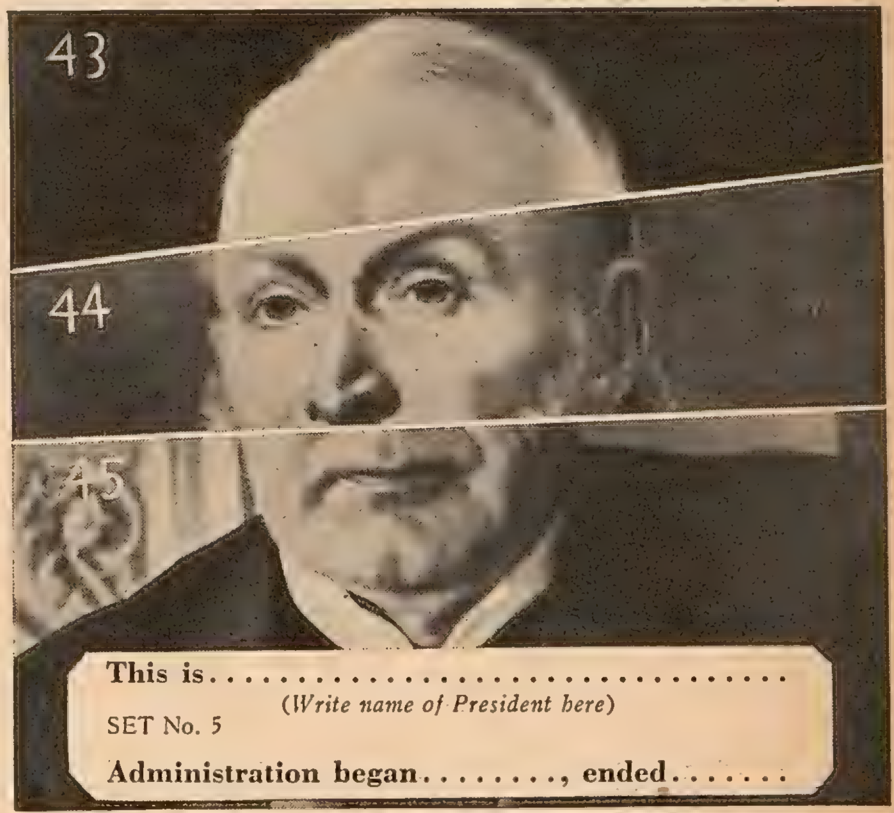
GET into the Game of Presidents today. Reassemble the jumbled composite pictures on this page correctly and then identify them. By so doing you will have traveled one tenth of the way toward the $2,500 in cash prizes which Liberty will award among the 273 winners. Will you be numbered among them? If you do not delay, your chance to win is still excellent. Think of what you could do with that $500 cash first prize! Time is getting short. Better get into the game right now while there is still a chance.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you have not saved the preceding sets of composites, do not hesitate to enter on that account. Liberty will help you to make up lost ground by supplying reprints of the first four sets. Simply write to the address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500



This is..............................
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 5
Administration began........, ended.......

THE FOREHEAD is of a native of Ohio; the eyes and nose are of a native of Massachusetts; the mouth and chin are of the seventh of nine children.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

ON the ice she takes hundreds of tumbles each year — doesn't hurt herself unless she lands on her knees. . . . Her most spectacular fall occurred at the end of her skating performance before the King and Queen of England. She had to return the royal bow sitting down.

She is Maribel Vinson, Boston girl, a champion woman skater of the United States and North America (including Canada, Newfoundland, Alaska, etc., way up to the Pole). Has skated for us in three Olympic Games. Last time she came out second to Sonja Henie, and this winter Miss Vinson has organized a troupe of skating stars with whom she puts on ice shows all around the country. . . . She skates barelegged. Her legs get cold. She gets *ravenously* hungry. . . . Her middle name is Yerxa, which makes her initials too complicated even for *her* to cut on the ice with Spencerian neatness.

Weight, she tells me, is extremely important in fancy skating. Says she can notice the slightest difference in her own weight. Although most of the skating champions are quite young, age doesn't count as much as in other sports. Oscar L. Richards, at eighty-three, still does exhibition skating, and Miss Vinson says she knows a number of ladies who are fine skaters at sixty or over.

Skating shoes should be high, she advises, not low, like hockey shoes. Should fit tight around the ankle, and you mustn't wear thick stockings. Wear ordinary silk ones, or the thinnest of angora socks. Full, knee-length skirts with bloomers to match. One-piece undies of wool. Skates should be one-piece also, and low. Many beginners try to do fancy skating on hockey skates. Too high. . . . Maribel Vinson belongs to a skating family. Told me her father courted her mother mostly on skates.

☆ From a country town comes this true-life romance: Considered unattractive, the girl had been forsaken by local swains. Desperately she hung around the general store, hoping to be appreciated some day by some man. . . . The boy was a farmer's son who peddled vegetables. Pride-foolish and angry since childhood, he always thought the other young men of the town were making fun of him. . . . One day a ripe tomato hit him smack on the back of the neck as he drove his vegetable wagon past the general store. When he turned to see who had done it, nobody looked at him. Nobody moved a muscle. But that forsaken unattractive girl was there, as usual, among the men. She *knew* who had thrown it. . . . So he married her to find out. His angry childish pride demanded revenge. On their wedding night he asked her: "Now that we're man and wife, it ain't proper for you to keep any secret from me. Who threw that tomato?"

"I did," came the prompt answer.

Age is no bar to fancy skating.

☆ "Never typewrite a personal letter to an elderly person. Never hesitate to tell an older person a risqué story. . . ."

Was told this by an elderly man whose judgment I respect profoundly. His is a famous name; he asked me not to mention it. He said, "Elderly people need all the dignity they can command. They feel more appreciated if you extend them the old-fashioned courtesy of penning your letters to them by hand. . . . But they are equally in need of the warmth of youth. If you give them too cold a respect, they feel they are already dead. A good hot story brings them back to life. Don't pull your punches when you tell a story to an old person." . . . Unconventional advice, but altogether wise and kindly, it seemed to me.

☆ On January 24 the god of Chinese kitchens, Tsao Wang Yeh by name, will be starting off for his annual New Year trip to Chinese Paradise. On January 29 he'll be back again among his pots and pans. All Chinese cooks and kitchen helpers do New Year's homage to this idol. They smear the idol's lips with honey, so that Tsao Wang Yeh will say sweet words to the heavenly boss. A picture of Tsao Wang Yeh is placed before a little altar on a table laid with an immaculate cloth. Bowls of food are left on the table as offerings. Then the picture of Tsao Wang Yeh is burned, while prayers for plenty are said. I like the idea of a kitchen god. It gives a homey, domestic touch to religion. And I like the fact that Chinese cooks always fill Tsao Wang Yeh's sacrificial bowls with their own favorite food—because *they* always eat it up at the end of the ceremony.

☆ The wise men don't really know if this new year should be called 1938 or 1937. It all depends upon whether our Christian era began with the year 0, or with the year 1. If it started with the year 1, then we are on the brink of 1938. But if it began with the year 0, we are just marching into 1937. That's what the *men* can't agree about. We girls know perfectly well that nothing can come out as even as that. By our figuring, this is the year 1937 and 3/8. Or $19.38 . . . . C. O. D.

☆ For all the money we spend on clothes, very few serious books about style are written. An excellent new one is Agnes Brooks Young's Recurring Cycles of Fashion. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

☆ After hard exercise in the winter try these baked sausage cakes with corn casserole and apple rings. . . . Shape flat cakes of sausage meat; dredge with flour; brown quickly on both sides. Have 2 cups dry-pack corn kernels drained and ready. Fry corn 4 minutes in sausage fat; stir in 2 tablespoons cream, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon flour and a little chopped pimento.

Put corn in casserole; lay sausage cakes on top; cover with rings of raw apple, cored and peeled. Sprinkle lightly with brown sugar; dot with butter; bake 25 minutes in medium oven.

Was It a Banner Year on the Screen?

Liberty's critic doubts it—but presents awards for some fine, outstanding performances and pictures

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

1937 was a fumbling year in Hollywood.

The twelve months, in the main, were dull and unprogressive, the slowest since the screen got its voice. Oddly enough, that was exactly ten years ago.

Hollywood lacks a leader. The films have not yet recovered from the death of Irving Thalberg in 1936. The film capital still has no outstanding single force in the making of pictures. The nearest approach is David Selznick, son of pioneer Lewis J. Selznick and producer of A Star Is Born and The Prisoner of Zenda. But no man with Thalberg's spirit of adventure and breadth of viewpoint is yet in sight.

Liberty gave four stars to seven pictures during 1937, against ten for the previous year. The four-star films were Camille, Black Legion, The Good Earth, Lost Horizon, Captains Courageous, A Star Is Born, and The Life of Emile Zola.

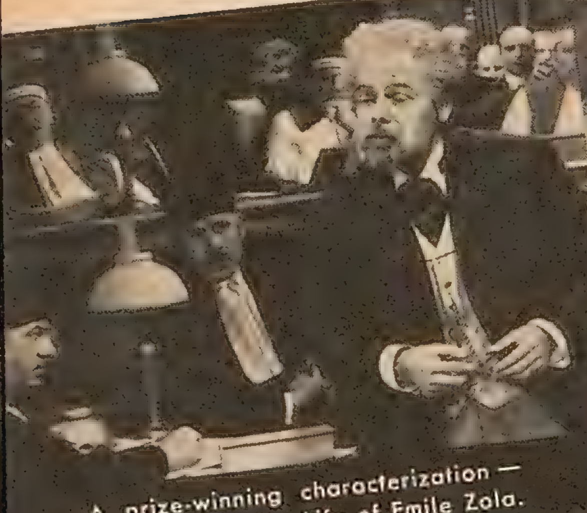
If you were to ask Beverly Hills for a selection of favorite films of the year, we would add Make Way for Tomorrow, 100 Men and a Girl, Easy Living, Stage Door, I Met Him in Paris, The Prisoner of Zenda, Mayerling, The Man Who Worked Miracles, and Topper.

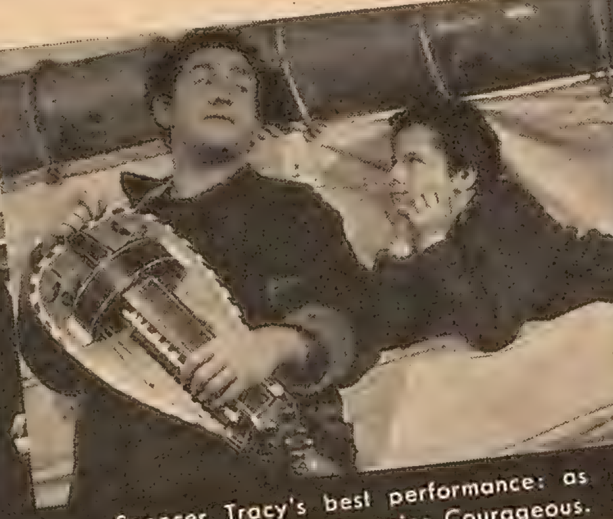
Presenting the awards for the best male performances of the year finds us torn between two actors. One is Spencer Tracy for his brave happy-go-lucky Portuguese sailor, Manuel, of Captains Courageous. The other is Paul Muni for his Emile Zola, a careful, detailed human picture of the French author who threw his whole fortune, his very life, into the battle for the Jewish army captain, Alfred Dreyfus. If you press us, our vote goes to Muni.

No feminine characterization came within miles of these two performances. If you insist, we name on the distaff side Greta Garbo's study of the frail lady of the camellias in Camille, Luise Rainer's mute Chinese wife in The Good Earth, Bette Davis' picture of a night-club Jezebel in Marked Woman, and Beulah Bondi's garrulous lonely old woman in Make Way for Tomorrow. Take your choice. Our vote goes to Greta or Luise.

What were the boxoffice films of the year? The Motion Picture Herald, the leading exhibitor publication, names seven for the nine months of the year ending September 1. The seven are: After the Thin Man, ★★★½; A Star Is Born, ★★★★; Captains Courageous, ★★★★; Lost Horizon, ★★★★; Maytime, ★★★½; Shall We Dance, ★★★½; The Good Earth, ★★★★. Your Beverly Hills appends the original Liberty star rating and pauses to take a bow as a prognosticator.

All year Hollywood went whimsical. Every studio attempted to capture the gay, mad, fantastic mood of a Mr. Deeds or a My Man Godfrey. The new year finds


A prize-winning characterization—Paul Muni in The Life of Emile Zola.


Spencer Tracy's best performance: as sailor Manuel in Captains Courageous.

The great Garbo was greatest, in 1937, as Marguerite Gautier in Camille.

O-Lan, the slave-girl bride in The Good Earth, won Luise Rainer praise.

A Star Is Born—a comeback for Janet Gaynor, a score for Fredric March.

A scene from Lost Horizon, wherein Ronald Colman won new film awards.

comedy reeling around the ring in Hollywood, barely able to answer the bell for a new round. The best of the year's whimsey crop were I Met Him in Paris and Easy Living.

Hollywood plunged heavily into costume drama. Time was when filmland feared the historic picture, shied away from lavender and old lace. But 1937 saw The Life of Emile Zola, Camille, Victoria the Great, Conquest, and others.

The curious penchant of one producing organization, the Warner Brothers, for provocative topical subjects cropped up three times during the year. The Warners made a trio of controversial films: Black Legion—about the hooded black-robed gentry who terrorized the Middle Western countryside; Marked Woman—about a great city's organized vice; and They Won't Forget—about mob hysteria and intersectional prejudice.

Here are Beverly Hills' selections of the twelve next best performances of the year. Don't forget the six mentioned as bests.

Victor Moore's old bookkeeper in Make Way for Tomorrow; Charles Boyer's ill-fated Archduke Rudolph in Mayerling; Leopold Stokowski's swell performance of Leopold Stokowski in 100 Men and a Girl; the snappy personable hurricane in The Hurricane; Fredric March's study of a movie idol who has lost his close-up lure in A Star Is Born; Andrea Leeds as the little actress who climbs the stairs to oblivion in Stage Door; Anne Shirley as the daughter in Stella Dallas; Ronald Colman's heroic Briton lost in the ageless Shangri-la of Lost Horizon; Danielle Darrieux's gentle tragic Marie Vetsera in Mayerling; Anton Walbrook's wise, self-effacing Prince Albert of Victoria the Great; the hungry locusts of The Good Earth; and Fernand Gravet's gay, sleepy ex-king of The King and the Chorus Girl.

THIS year your Beverly Hills is singling out the best juvenile work. Here are the four best among the film boys and girls: Deanna Durbin as the old trombone player's resourceful daughter in 100 Men and a Girl; Freddie Bartholomew's spoiled rich boy in Captains Courageous; Sabu, the little Hindu lad of Elephant Boy; and Jackie Cooper as the boy who almost becomes a gangster in Boy of the Streets.

The year's most expensive picture was Conquest. This is reported to have cost $3,600,000. Napoleon almost did the original production cheaper!

The best direction of 1937 was contributed by Victor Fleming to Rudyard Kipling's Captains Courageous. Fleming gave pace, sympathy, expert handling to this yarn of the men who go down to the sea in ships. Next we place William Wellman's shrewd direction of the Hollywood fable, A Star Is Born. After that? Probably Leo McCarey's tender study of the commonplace, Make Way for Tomorrow.

The French-made film Mayerling

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seems to your Beverly Hills to lead all the imported pictures in effectiveness. It had a persuasive and haunting beauty, thanks to the direction of Anatole Litvek and the splendid acting of Mr. Boyer and Miss Darrieux. The Russians continue to buck the line for propaganda and drabness.

The best musical of the year was Sigmund Romberg's old-fashioned sentimental operetta, Maytime, with Jeanette MacDonald as the heroine of the bitter-sweet romance.

The best screen adaptation of 1937 was Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller's handling of Stage Door, practically a complete revision of Edna Ferber and George Kaufman's original footlight comedy.

The year's best camera work was done, frequently under difficult conditions, in Captains Courageous. The honor goes to Harold Rosson. The best sound recording was the handling of Stokowski's orchestral numbers in 100 Men and a Girl. The credit goes to the maestro, who has been experimenting for years with sound reproduction.

The sudden death of Jean Harlow was the tragic note of the year. Miss Harlow died at twenty-six, at the top of a bizarre career studded with success and tragedy.

Two new stars appeared in 1937. One was fifteen-year-old Deanna Durbin, who climbed into popularity with Three Smart Girls, and registered an outstanding hit with 100 Men and a Girl. The other 1937 find was Sonja Henie, who skated into favor in One in a Million, and scored again in Thin Ice.

Tyrone Power, who came into prominence late in 1936, slipped past Robert Taylor as No. 1 Boy.

It was a tough year for some of the established stars; a splendid one for others. Clark Gable probably held his own in spite of a disastrous dip into Irish history with Parnell. William Powell had a highly successful twelve months, topped by After the Thin Man. Ronald Colman was helped by Lost Horizon and The Prisoner of Zenda.

Norma Shearer was off the screen all year. Joan Crawford is at the crossroads. It's up—or down. The Bride Wore Red was a danger signal. Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert held their own in light comedy. Janet Gaynor staged a remarkable comeback in A Star Is Born. Mae West went into almost total eclipse during the year.

Paul Muni advanced with Emile Zola. Spencer Tracy climbed into the front rank of male stars with several interesting performances, all possessing vitality.

Katharine Hepburn had a bad year with such items as Quality Street; then she did something of a comeback as the stage-struck heiress in Stage Door. The Ritz Brothers were shoved into stardom in Life Begins at College.

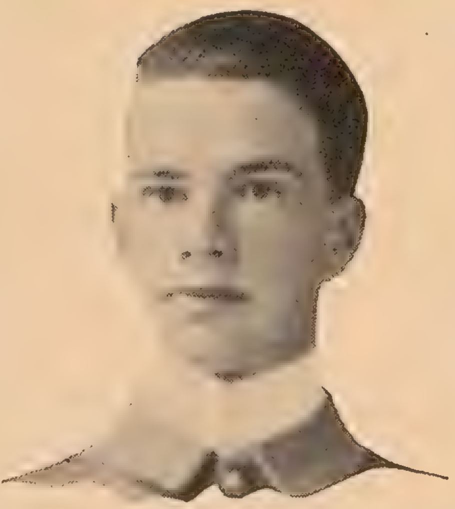
The big box-office stars as of January 1, 1938? Here they are: Claudette Colbert, Deanna Durbin, Fred Astaire, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, William Powell, Sonja Henie, Shirley Temple, Jeanette MacDonald. No, your Beverly Hills has not attempted to grade them as to drawing power. The big star of the sticks? None other than the singing cowboy, Gene Autry.

Old Bev Hills' own favorite star? Still that moody genius, Donald Duck!

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth



1—This week's early photo is of an American poet educated at Rutgers and Columbia. Alfred, his first name, did not appear in the by-line of Summer of Love, Trees, or Main Street. He was killed in France during the World War. Who?

2—What's on the tip of strike-anywhere matches and in the human body too?

3—Who is president of the Ford Motor Company?

4—Has the Hindenburg disaster discouraged Germany from operating a transatlantic dirigible service?

5—What is the best known work of Henryk Sienkiewicz (1846-1916)?

6—Which muscle-building game was first played with seven to a side, then nine, then eight, then with another odd number?

7—If it's hash when horizontal, what is it when it's vertical?

8—When with Paul Whiteman's band, Bing Crosby sang as a member of which ensemble?

9—And, speaking of crooners, who is known as the Star Maker?

10—In what forest in northeastern Arizona could one freeze before getting a wood fire built?

11—Which states have the following mottoes: Virtue, Liberty, and Independence; Liberty and Independence; Liberty and Prosperity?

12—The Big Apple is said to be stepping aside for which two dance crazes?

13—Of 1,863 unknowns auditioned at NBC in a year, how many do you imagine were "signed up"?

14—Which word does not belong among: cheetah, marmoset, marmot, mullet?

15—What country has the oldest constitution in Europe?

16—If cold creams do not make your skin smooth, how can your milkman help?

17—Jezebel was the wife of which Biblical king?

18—What household necessity presumably was first made from camel dung near by the temple of Ammon?

19—Which North American cities are the "Gibraltar of America" and "Warden of the North"?

20—What orator became the leader of the Massachusetts bar after Daniel Webster's death?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS? Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 9.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Monday evenings.

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Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Young Blushes and Boos at Mr. Collins

FRESNO, CALIF.—While we don't propose to act as standard-bearers for this generation, we are two young men (probably not gentlemen, since we have sown our share of wild oats too) of twenty-three and twenty-six years of age respectively. However, we have just completed reading your article on Passion Before Marriage (November 27 Liberty) and would like to call the following facts to your attention:

1. It seems that your particular pet criticism of the behavior of young people is based on the fact that the resulting illegal traffic amounts to $575,000,000 each year. We do not suppose there is any accurate way of checking up on this, but if it were possible, we believe you would find that at least 75 per cent of this so-called business is derived from married women rather than unmarried ones.

2. It apparently astounded you that from the 1,000 girls interviewed, prior to the publication of this article, you received so many frank and honest expressions on this subject. Of course, in mother's and grandmother's eras these questions would have caused a "nice" girl to blush and turn her head in shame; but we are inclined to believe that the younger generation is meeting its problems frankly and openly rather than in a hypocritical fashion. While we are by no means authority on the question, we believe there are probably more innocent girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five at present than there were in some of the past generations, particularly the postwar crop of women in the last decade.

3. We are at a complete loss to understand why some parents should be ready and willing to criticize their offspring's actions, when in reality this reflects on the training of children in their own homes. Therefore they are the ones entirely at fault and not their children.

4. We must admit that there is a certain amount of looseness nowadays, but, one way or another, there has been that in every generation, and beneath that rather carefree "don't give a damn" attitude of our present companions we believe you will find the same solid foundation in both men and women upon which our country has been successfully built. —*George M. Hauser, Charles H. Gray.*

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—In reference to Passion Before Marriage, wherein it is stated that in a group of 1,000 college students 50 per cent of the boys had "gone the limit" and 25 per cent of the girls had done the same, I wish to say that in a recent survey of the boys and the girls in this community and surrounding territory I find that the percentage of the boys that have gone the limit is at least 98 per cent and a conservative estimate of the girls would be 85 per cent.—*J. C. Robert.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO—You can tell Frederick L. Collins that the college-pampered peroxide blonde that he so smugly palmed off as typical of American youth won't work. I know.

I married a typical American young woman, and I am for them 100 per cent. The only difference between them and grandma is that they aren't bluenosed.

And Communism has nothing to do with sex.

I will be glad to discuss the matter further in an early issue—if I am still at large.—*W. T. W.*

SCRANTON, PA.—Please pardon me if I say "Bosh!" I am an average girl of eighteen years, of average behavior. I have average friends of average behavior. We like good times as much as any other girls do, and we have them. I'll admit I do my share of necking; so do all my friends. But I have never in all my good times (necking included) even thought of "going the limit," nor did any of my friends. Of course we have our temptations, but we have moral sense enough to squelch them.

It's articles like Passion Before Marriage which constantly keep such matters in our minds. Help us, please, to keep our self-respect by doing away with such articles.

Spare our blushes, Mr. Collins!—*M. B. R.*

SHE DOESN'T THINK—SHE READS LIBERTY!

COLUMBUS, GA.—"What do stenographers think about all day when they're not busy?" I see this question asked in November 13 Vox Pop.

This stenographer (me) doesn't think when she's not busy. She reads Liberty! I herewith recommend to Katherine E. Derryberry that she do the same.

Also in the same issue, on that article No One Can Take My Husband!—would one of Liberty's contributors please write a piece called How to Get a Husband? Would myself, but I am much too busy.—*L. Nell Chambliss.*

ONE WIT = TWO HALF-WITS

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—Every time I see something particularly poor in Liberty, next week's Vox Pop will have, for every wit that slams it, two half-wits to praise it—50-50.—*G. A. B.*

A PINE BOARD IS IMPORTANT

HOT SPRINGS, N. M.—I've been reading the Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's page and her recipes for various appetizing dishes, and thought I'd send her one for cooking fish. I've tried it myself and found it very delicious.

We have a peculiar kind of fish down here in the Rio Grande, known as the carp. It belongs to the sucker family. A lot of people won't eat it because they have not found the correct way to prepare it for the *board.*

It is usually found in some still, shallow backwater of the river in the tall tule grass. A school of these fish are always heard before they are seen. They sound like a bunch of calves at milking time. But to get on with the recipe:

As quickly as possible after fish is caught, clean it very nicely and wash it in two or three pans of water. Then get the oven real hot. Next select a nice clean pine board—taking care to get one not too rich with pine resin; otherwise it may taste a little too much of turpentine.

However, after you have heated the oven, prepared the fish—and the board—lay fish on board; put in hot oven; let stay 30 or 40 minutes. Then take out of oven, throw fish away, and eat the board.

If there should happen to be any splinters, they can be used for toothpicks.—*Roy Gay.*

A NOSY SUGGESTION

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Although every other feature and department in Liberty is clearly marked with the required reading time, the Vox Pop department has never presented this added attraction.

Why not bring this part of the magazine up to par by heading it as follows:

VOX POP . . . SMELLING SALTS
TIME: 10 MINUTES.—*Joseph Fischer.*

SMELLING SALTS
LIBERTY

SOME ONE IS ALWAYS LONGING TO GO BACK

CLEVELAND, OHIO—So Mrs. Sophy Clements (November 27 Vox Pop) thinks there is an overabundance of courses in the educational line-up.

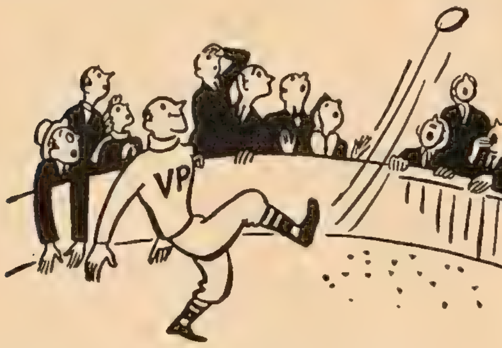
Back in the middle of the nineteenth century they were going to close the Patent Office because everything had been invented. It's really too bad that Mrs. C. wasn't born in the Stone Age, when education hadn't made such progress. She would probably kick about the complexities of making fire, and remark what was the world coming to with its rapid strides, and if we could only go back to the little red cave and its three R's chiseled on stone slabs!

In 1975 some one like Mrs. C. will long for the days of the little red skyscraper with its snap courses of physics and trigonometry and calculus instead of interplanetary history, fifth-dimensional geometry, and psychology of mental telepathy.—*B. B. Brachyuran.*

DUBUQUE, IA.—I'm all for Mrs. Sophy Clements, who had the courage to say, Back to fundamentals.—*Oscar Flon.*

CANDIDATE FOR ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

DURHAM, N. C.—No All-America Football selection will be complete without a Vox Popper as kicker.—*H. Duard Hays.*



THIS SURPLUS OF NOTHING

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.—Too much nothing! Yes, we have a country full of that to face the winter with. Nothing. No jobs—no money—no future. A mill shuts down here and a mine shuts down there and the steel mills turn away a thousand men a day. More nothing! Men to go home to their wives and children and say, "See what I have brought you—nothing."

If there was ever anything that needed plowing under, burning up, or leading to the slaughterhouse, it is this surplus of nothing that has been piling up on us the past few months. A little more nothing here and a little more nothing there. With business men carefully hiding behind their whiskers and the government finally arriving at the momentous decision that it sometimes pays to be cautious about spending.

So, with nothing pouring out of Washington and nothing pouring out of Wall Street and more nothing coming in trickles and gobs from every whistle stop and crossroads in the country, you can guess what it is all to add up to—nothing!

We have supposedly licked a depression, taken the curse off a surplus of everything from carpet tacks to nanny goats, shipped boatloads of advice to every nation in the world. Now—is NOTHING going to lick us? I'm asking you.—*Robert M. Mead.*

"The Savage Brutality of Modern War"

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial, The Savage Brutality of Modern War (November 13 Liberty), should be plastered on the walls of every Chamber of Commerce in the nation, every schoolroom in the nation, on the bulletin boards of every stock exchange and bucket shop in the nation. It should be printed upon the bill of fare of every café in the nation and no cuss be permitted by law to eat till he had read that editorial. It should not be allowed to evaporate in our sweet air, the only God-given thing that does not have a meter on it—but which in a few years may be polluted by poison gas.

Public sentiment *can* move mountains. Mr. Macfadden is the man to *make* the public sentiment.—*Gibbons Poteet.*

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Two solutions to end war, as I see it, are: first, to take the profits out of it; and second, to insure that all nations' war cabinets are composed of *mothers*. Only men want war, not the women. They go through more than war to bring life into this world, not to take it out.—*G. W. Stewart, Post Commander V. F. W., Post 1291.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Referring to Mr. Macfadden's editorial, The Savage Brutality of Modern War—

It is evident that Mr. Macfadden neither read Mr. Leon Trotsky's article in his own magazine, nor has he read ancient history.

Has Mr. Macfadden ever noticed what has happened to racketeers when they try to arm themselves for protection? Likewise nations?

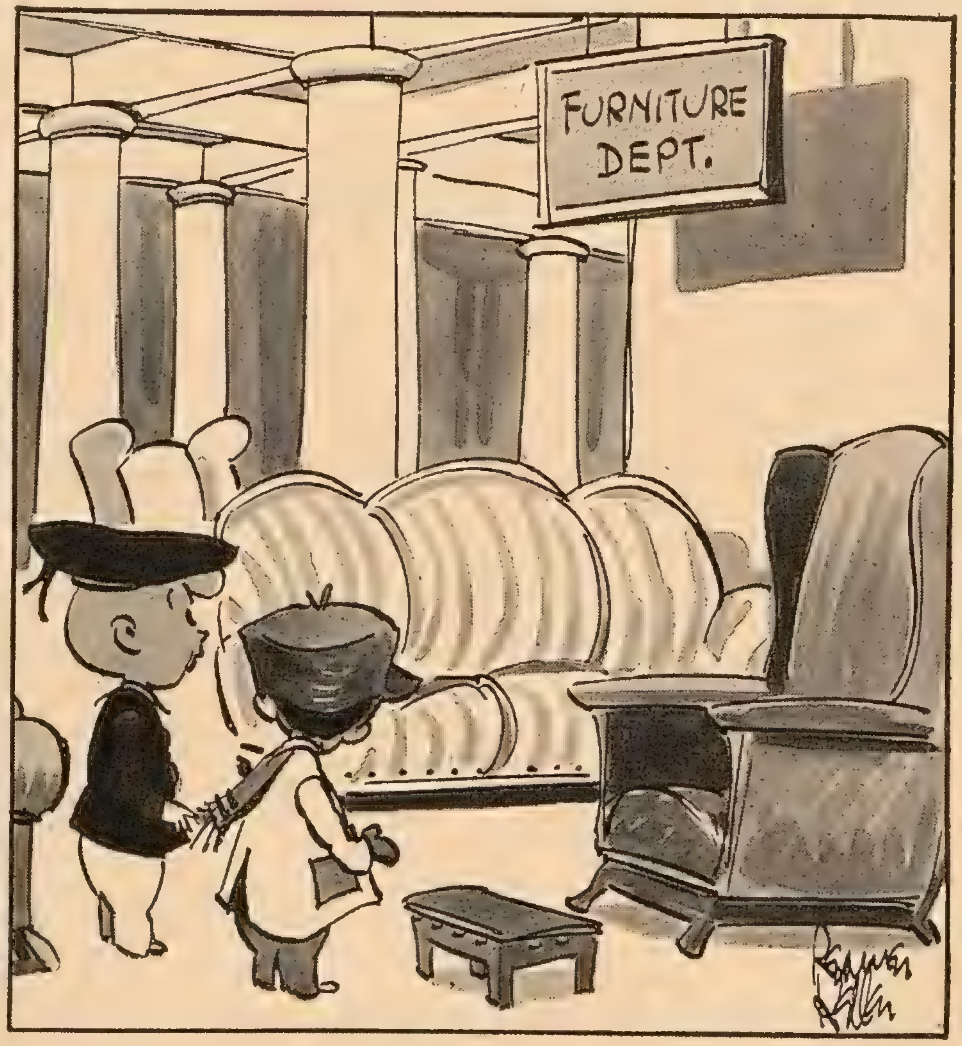
Arming for protection is like building for destruction.—*Don Krizan.*

NO NEED TO ENLARGE ON THIS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The Count 'Em contest was unfair because it did not give readers an equal chance to win. Why? An engraver could photograph the pictures and enlarge them so that he could easily count the units, while we cannot afford that.—*Tom Hibbens.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What next will you people think up in the way of contests? The Count 'Em one was so hard on the optics that now I can do the Cockeyes without looking!—*Sam Grant.*

"HARDTACK"


FURNITURE DEPT.

"Boy, what a place for a sit-down strike!"

CLOSED SHOP RULED CONSTITUTIONAL

LLANO, TEX.—Look this one over, will you? I clipped it from a current newspaper:

> NEW YORK, Nov 10. (AP)—Justice Mitchell May of the Brooklyn Supreme Court ruled Wednesday that the closed shop is constitutional in New York State and denied the request of six subway employees that they not be forced to join a union to hold their jobs.

And still we have a *free* country, a Constitution, and a Bill of Rights!

We are getting in a mell of a hess, I'd say—if you ask me—when any man is compelled to join any union in order to secure or retain his employment.

And just now we are talking, or rather the Secretary of Agriculture is talking, of "compulsory farm control." Some day that old worm Mr. Farmer will turn.

A poor Chinese does not (so we are told) mind dying just now—it's easier than trying to live over there. Are we coming to that stage?—*Citizen.*

JUMBO WENT TO TUFTS COLLEGE

LYNNFIELD, MASS.—In November 6 Vox Pop, Mr. F. O. Perry wrote a statement concerning Jumbo, Barnum's famous elephant.

Quoting Mr. Perry: "The latter [Jumbo] was buried in that town [St. Thomas, Ontario], and many citizens today have ornaments made from his tusks, which were enormous and were amputated before he was buried."

Mr. Perry is very much in error. Jumbo's hide (tusks and all) is stuffed and mounted in Barnum's Museum of Tufts College, Medford, Massachusetts. The skeleton is in a museum in Washington, D. C. —*Samuel I. Gabrielson.*

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HOW UNITED IS THE UNITED STATES?

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

SOME seventy-odd years ago we fought one of the bloodiest wars in history to keep the Union together. How far did we succeed?

As we watch the flare-up of sectional hatreds that are alarming high authorities in Washington, we may be justified in feeling that we have failed rather badly. The Anti-Lynching Bill fanned fires most of us believed long extinguished. Any one listening to Senator Connally of Texas would picture New York City as a stronghold of murderous gunmen, and certain other gentlemen in Congress sometimes talk as though Kentucky had a year-round open season for shooting Negroes. Antagonism between city and country raises its head; hostilities break out between Southwest and Northwest, Middle West and Northeast, as well as between North and South.

“The United States is not one country, but seven rolled into one,” recently remarked a distinguished Englishman who knows America better than most Americans. “That is what makes your machinery of government so cumbersome.”

Prejudice, sectarianism, and sectional suspicion *do* affect the business of the nation in Congress. Regional interests are often placed before the interests of the people at large. Minorities and sectional blocs can delay vital legislation. Faced by a desperate situation, we do not pull together as a nation should.

This attitude of antagonism is not peculiar to members of the House and Senate in Washington; it reflects accurately the psychology of the men and women who elect them.

In view of the vastness of the country, some of the differences dividing us may be inevitable. But too often they arise from mere slogans and blind prejudices. Economically and personally, too many of us think as Middle Westerners, Southerners, Easterners, and not as Americans. “Where do you come from?” we ask. “What is your religion?” We do not like each other because we do not know each other. And we do not know each other because most of us have remained in our own dooryards. We have never gone outside to discover America.

In spite of “See America First” and other provocative slogans, the vast bulk of our population stays at home.

And why don’t we travel? Because we find it too expensive. Although we are the most automobile-minded people in the world, nevertheless extensive motor tours still remain the privilege of those in the higher economic brackets.

And train travel is even more expensive. Fares are so prohibitive that many splendid trains rumble half empty from coast to coast, and several railroads are on the verge of bankruptcy. Hotel rates are high, and less expensive living quarters are usually unattractive.

But this state of affairs could be changed. Other countries have had similar difficulties. We are larger, and our problem is greater than theirs, but so are our resources and our vital energies.

In one European country the government and the railroads plan special tours from one part of the country to another at nominal fares which make them available to those in extremely moderate circumstances. Visitors whose purses are very slim can stay at large camps; for those who can pay a little more, special rates are provided at hotels. Lectures, guides, entertainment are furnished by governmental agencies, and the deficit, if any, is borne by the government.

The railroads lose nothing, for trains that might snort and fume half empty bulge with joyous tourists. Morally and politically, the gain is tremendous. Other neighboring countries are conducting similar experiments.

Could not the United States do the same thing? The government has advanced to our railroads vast amounts of money. Could not Uncle Sam in return for these loans, which will never be repaid, exact special rates for large groups traveling under his auspices up and down the American continent?

If we increased travel on our trains annually by several millions, we would impose no great strain upon the railroads. It would not be necessary to increase their facilities or their personnel substantially. A “Know Your Own Country” campaign might save the railroads.

The idea for “postalizing” passenger transportation of railroads advanced by the Hon. John A. Hastings may offer the solution we seek. The Hastings plan, which was considered some time ago by the Federal Transportation co-ordinator Joseph B. Eastman and by Senator Wheeler, chairman of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, proposes a flat regular rate of one dollar for ordinary trains and a flat rate of three dollars for express trains for any distance on one railroad line. Mr. Eastman considered the plan “at least worth studying.” Senator Wheeler characterized it as “fascinating.” But nothing has been done.

Mr. Hastings’ original proposal would make it possible to travel from New York to the Pacific Coast and reversely for six dollars, exclusive of Pullman charges, since the trip could be made with recourse to only two railway lines. Short-haul traffic in bulk would make up for the losing expenses to the lines in the long-haul runs. A similar situation exists in the New York subways, where it is possible to ride from the upper Bronx to the far end of Brooklyn for a nickel. The profitable uniform postal charges on first-class mail may also be cited in this connection.

The plan, undeniably constitutional in its premise, will not, Mr. Hastings explains, disturb the individual initiative of the railroads, but by economic co-operation will enable them to revitalize the industry. Postalization of passenger and freight rates will greatly stimulate the flow of commerce and make a striking contribution to normal business recovery by enabling the carriers to absorb vast numbers of idle workers through the increased revenues sure to follow. The building of structures to house visitors will put more men to work.

Blood and wealth speeding once more through the arteries of the country will accelerate not only recovery but economic and social changes. Travel on an enormous scale as a national habit would rejuvenate America, grown sluggish with middle age. Above all, it would teach us to appreciate our country. It would help to destroy sectional antagonism. It would make neighbors of us all and make us all better Americans.

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

FIRST AID

BY JOSEPH DINNEEN

LEAVING the hospital that night, the doctor dropped in at the local division police station for his last call of the day, said hello to Sergeant Rogers on the desk, and looked at the message coming over the teletype machine.

" Be on the lookout," he read, " for three men wanted for the murder of Patrolman Carr and the armed robbery of Jackson's Spa at 11.05 tonight. Two of the men probably wounded. Canvass hospitals and doctors' offices. Number One about five feet three, one hundred forty pounds, dressed in gray soft hat and gray topcoat; Number Two, five feet eight, one hundred sixty pounds, dark topcoat, dark soft hat; Number Three, heavy, broad-shouldered, six feet, about forty-five, blue serge suit, no topcoat, gray soft hat. They were in a big black sedan. No registration. Warning. Use caution. All are armed."

Dr. Dennison shook his head. " Tough ! " he observed.

" You bet," the sergeant nodded. " You can imagine how the boys on the street feel tonight with a gang of cop killers on the loose."

The doctor drove home. He put up his car and went into his office. He was alone in the house. To make sure he would have an uninterrupted sleep, he switched off his telephone. If there were any accident cases tonight, young Dr. Dewey could take care of them.

" Stick 'em up, doc ! "

He turned around slowly. Three men had come in from the porch. One was holding a blue-steel automatic.

" Fix them up, doc," the gunman said.

" There's nothing else I can do, it seems," said the doctor, looking them over.

" Come here," he said to the gunman holding his right arm. He walked over.

The doctor peeled off his coat and ripped off his shirt sleeve while the other two looked on. He examined the wound.

" I'll have to give him ether," he said.

" No ether," the leader said.

" It can't be done," said the doctor. " He's pretty close to death from loss of blood now. He may need a transfusion. If this had been the left arm, it would be too late."

" What do you mean ? " the third man spoke up. He stared at the doctor. " I got shot in the left arm."

" I know it. I can see that," said the doctor. " The left arm is too close to the heart and the heart won't stand the strain. There's nothing I can do for you but call an undertaker. Sorry."

The third man wavered a moment. His eyes became glazed. His jaw dropped and he fell heavily to the floor.

The doctor turned back to the other. " Do you want to die that way ? "

" Save me, doc ! " he pleaded, and both looked toward the leader.

" O. K.," he said. " Give him the ether."

The doctor pulled over his operating table, placed the patient upon it, etherized him, applied upper and lower tourniquets, cleaned the wound with alcohol, applied pad, bandage, and adhesive, and when he had completed the job looked over at the leader, now seated in an office chair watching him closely.

" And now," said the doctor, walking over to him, " I'm ready to attend to you. Where were you hit ? "

The man blinked quickly and looked up at the doctor. " I wasn't hit. I'm all right."

" That's what you think," the doctor said grimly. " Your eyes are dilated. Your lips are bloodless." He reached for his stethoscope. " Open up your vest and shirt."

The gangster held the gun in his right hand, unloosened tie, vest, and shirt with his left hand. The doctor applied his stethoscope, listened.

" How long have you had that heart condition ? " he asked.

" What do you mean ? " The gangster looked up.

" How long since you've been examined by a doctor ? "

" Ten or twelve years."

The doctor shook his head. " There's only one thing that will help you, mister—rest and quiet. How long you live depends entirely upon yourself. Tonight's excitement may be the straw that breaks the camel's back." He pulled over another chair. " Put your legs up there and sit back and relax."

The gangster complied.

" Do you feel any numbness in your arms and legs ? " the doctor asked.

" No," said the gangster. His brow clouded. " I've got to get out of here, and you're going to get me out. You're going to drive me and them," nodding his head toward the lifeless forms, " where I tell you."

" Not in your condition." The doctor shook his head. " You wouldn't even make the sidewalk now—not without a good big shot of adrenalin. That would keep you going until a doctor could go over you tomorrow."

" O. K." The gangster nodded. " Give me a shot and then come along and take care of me."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. " Just as you say," he said. He reached into his bag, brought out his hypodermic needle, and filled it from his cabinet.

" Let's have your arm," he said, and gave him an injection. He went again to his medicine cabinet. " I'd better bring all the stuff I need along with me," he said. " You'll have to take these pills with water every two hours." He took out two, handed them to the gangster, and got a glass of water. " Take those now," he directed. The gangster did so.

" Now," the doctor advised, " relax and rest for ten minutes or so and we'll carry those two out."

In a few minutes the gangster's arms dropped from the arms of his chair; the gun clattered to the floor and his head fell forward. The doctor switched on his phone and called police headquarters. Sergeant Rogers answered.

" Hello, Harry," said the doctor. " Those three men wanted for the murder of Patrolman Carr are in my office now. Number One has a clean hole through his right arm. He's out cold under ether on my operating table. Number Two has a crease that's not much more than a scratch on his left arm. He's in a dead faint on my office floor. Number Three is sitting beside me with enough dope in him to keep him quiet for a week. Send up the wagon with a couple of men to shovel them out. I want to get to bed."

THE END

JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

crack Boston Globe reporter, helped bring the notorious Millen brothers to justice, knows Boston politics inside and out. This knowledge has gone into his recent novel, Ward Eight. Dinneen was born in Boston, served in the World War, and once ran for public office on a bet.

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Home, Sweet Home means much in Rochester. It has the greatest percentage of owned homes for any city of its size East of the Rockies. And Rochester residents take particular pride in their landscaping.

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Too Many Wives

New Year's Eve . . . and time stands still for two bewildered hearts in a vivid novel of modern marriage

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

BOTH Dick Lombard and Patsy Van Heuten are nineteen when they marry. For a year they are completely happy, though the difference in their characters and tastes seems to become more pronounced. He is almost purely physical and revels in violent action. She is sensitive and loves beauty. Are they to grow together or apart?

To their magnificent Nevada ranch comes Craig Wendell, a popular novelist, whose mentality attracts Patsy. Their mutual enjoyment makes Dick wildly jealous. To vent his spleen, the unreasonable husband virtually forces his frightened young wife to go riding with him in a terrible storm one night. Her horse stumbles and Patsy is thrown. She is badly hurt. Worse still, her love is deeply wounded, and when she recovers, Patsy feels that Dick and she must go their own ways—that they will never understand each other.

Furious at her pronouncement, sure that it is simply a blind to hide her infatuation for the anemic novelist, Dick dashes off to New York without even a good-by. There he hits the high spots, especially in the company of Lucia Valiant, society girl and golf star, and Florette Vincennes, a beautiful night-club torch singer with yumph. Before long the latter playmate becomes Dick's mistress. Then, because she is disfigured in an automobile accident while driving with her reckless playboy, he marries her by way of recompense. But Florette and Dick continually clash.

Divorced from Dick, Patsy goes into the resort-ranch business with Craig Wendell. And when Dick brings his torch singer to Reno, Patsy meets her. Indeed, they form a friendship. Florette sings in Chubby Nixon's night club for fun. Chubby falls hard for the fascinating chanteuse.

Back in New York, Florette grows to hate Lucia, and finally decides to divorce Dick on her account. Out to Reno she flies with that intent. Chubby renews his adoration of her. He and Florette introduce Patsy to Ted Anderson, a widower and an airplane expert.

Legal formalities over with, it is broadcast that Dick and Lucia are to be married. And on the night of the ceremony, a telegram is sent Dick to the effect that Patsy and Florette are marrying Ted and Chubby—rejoicings all around!

PART SIX—"SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY"

NEW YORK is a great big city with only a few places where New Yorkers go. Therefore it was inevitable that the Ted Andersons and the Dick Lombards should meet. It happened on New Year's Eve, that bewitched night out of the year when Time itself pauses to say good-by and hello. That evening when humanity behaves a bit crazily and shouldn't be held strictly to account for what it does.

The Dick Lombards had had their reservations for weeks ahead at the Waldorf-Astoria. Lucia decided on the Waldorf because that was where they had become engaged a year and a half previous.

The Ted Andersons also chose the Waldorf. Because Patsy loved the Waldorf; and Ted did almost everything that she asked him to do. She loved the new Waldorf because, years before, she and her father on their frequent New York visits always went to the old Waldorf and sat in a window on the Fifth Avenue side and ate the best roast beef and baked potato in the world. . . .

"The new one isn't the old one," Patsy sighed. "But it has pleasantly recognizable family characteristics!"

And Ted laughed, saying, "It must be awful to be as old as you are and be able to recall so much dead glory! But we go to the Waldorf *if* you promise not to reminisce, and if I haven't been blotted out by then!"

Patsy's face clouded. "Must we go into that again! You make me so *furious!* I wouldn't mind your flying, your taking risks, if I thought you *cared* about what you were accomplishing. . . . But you just seem to do it to pass time quickly and dangerously. . . . I sometimes think you married me—just to pass time."

"Dangerously?"

"Oh, you nut! You're hopeless!"

They were in their suite on Park Avenue. Had just come there from a stay in Chicago—where Ted had been supervising a new airport.

Their rooms were gay, attractive, Continental in the decorating that Patsy—with memories of her Paris schooling—had given them. And Continental in their outlook on the enclosed dignified courtyard with arched colonnade and evergreen plot below.

Ted was sprawled on the window seat, his brown hand toying with the model of a plane he had recently designed. Suddenly he lifted his arm, flung the tiny amphibian across the room. It crashed into the andirons and crumpled on the hearth.

"They go up," said Ted, "but sooner or later they come down. Like us."

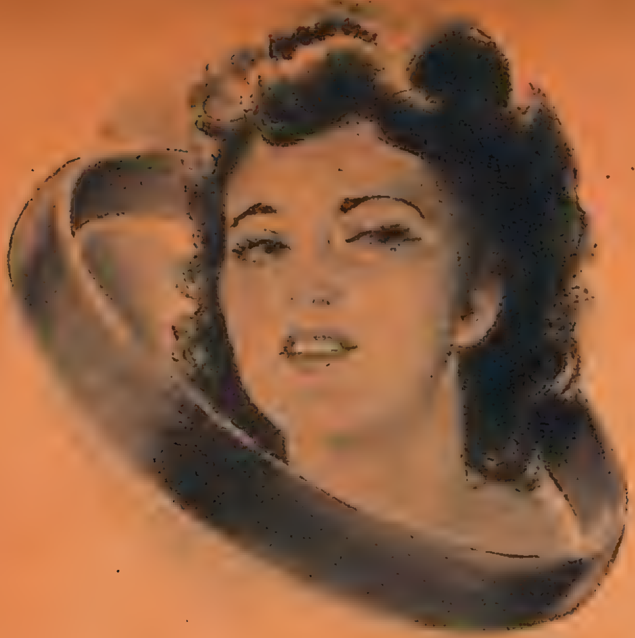
Patsy shook her dark head—with auburn lights in it now. She was a sophisticated Patsy this year. Sophisticated, very, very pretty, a little strange—even to herself—and a trifle tired. She hadn't been sophisticated before—not while running KX Ranch, the managing of which she had now turned over to Lank and his capable wife. Nor had she been as beautiful then. Nor as tired.

Being married to Ted was an engrossing, sweet in a way, and yet soul-tiring experience. He was a moody person—unstable as the wind. He tried to be the kindest man in the world; yet, because he believed in nothing, he managed to wound any one who loved him. Patsy, after being married to him only a short while, thought she understood his other wife—why she had taken to drinking in a big way. Ted didn't drink, but he seemed to be constantly exhilarated by some vicious inner source of melancholy intoxication. He was like a man who is driven to hurry, hurry, yet is quite sure that there is nothing to hurry for. Nothing at all.

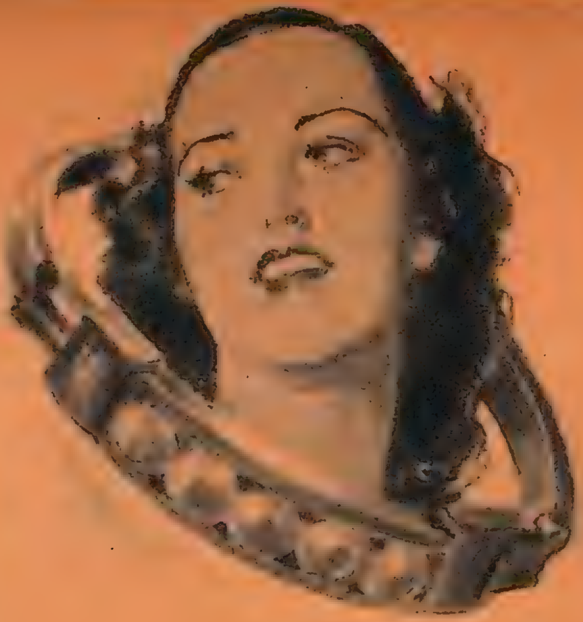
He said this to Patsy now on the last day of 1934. It was the hour of lull before dressing to go partying. Ted had read a glowing newspaper account of his trial flight with his new ice-preventive device.

"Be nice if it meant something, wouldn't it, Pat? All the trials and errors and struggles to perfect this and that in the world, I mean." He stroked the big Persian cat that sidled up to him. "Yes," he reflected, "it would make everything worth while."

"Oh, you make me so *tired!*" Patsy cried—for the



Patsy Lombard.



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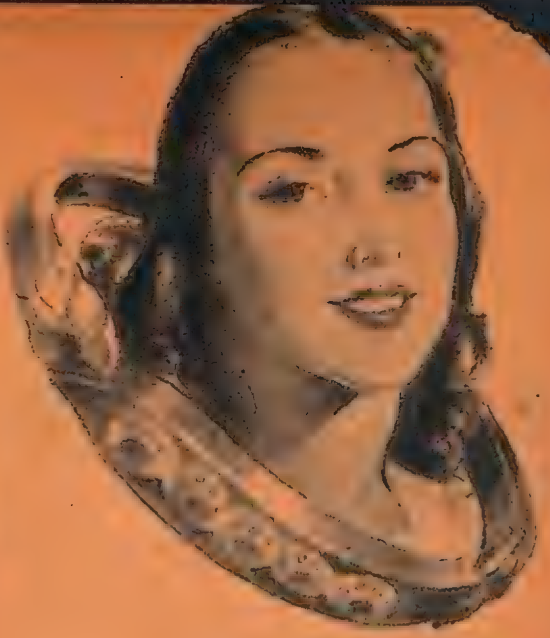
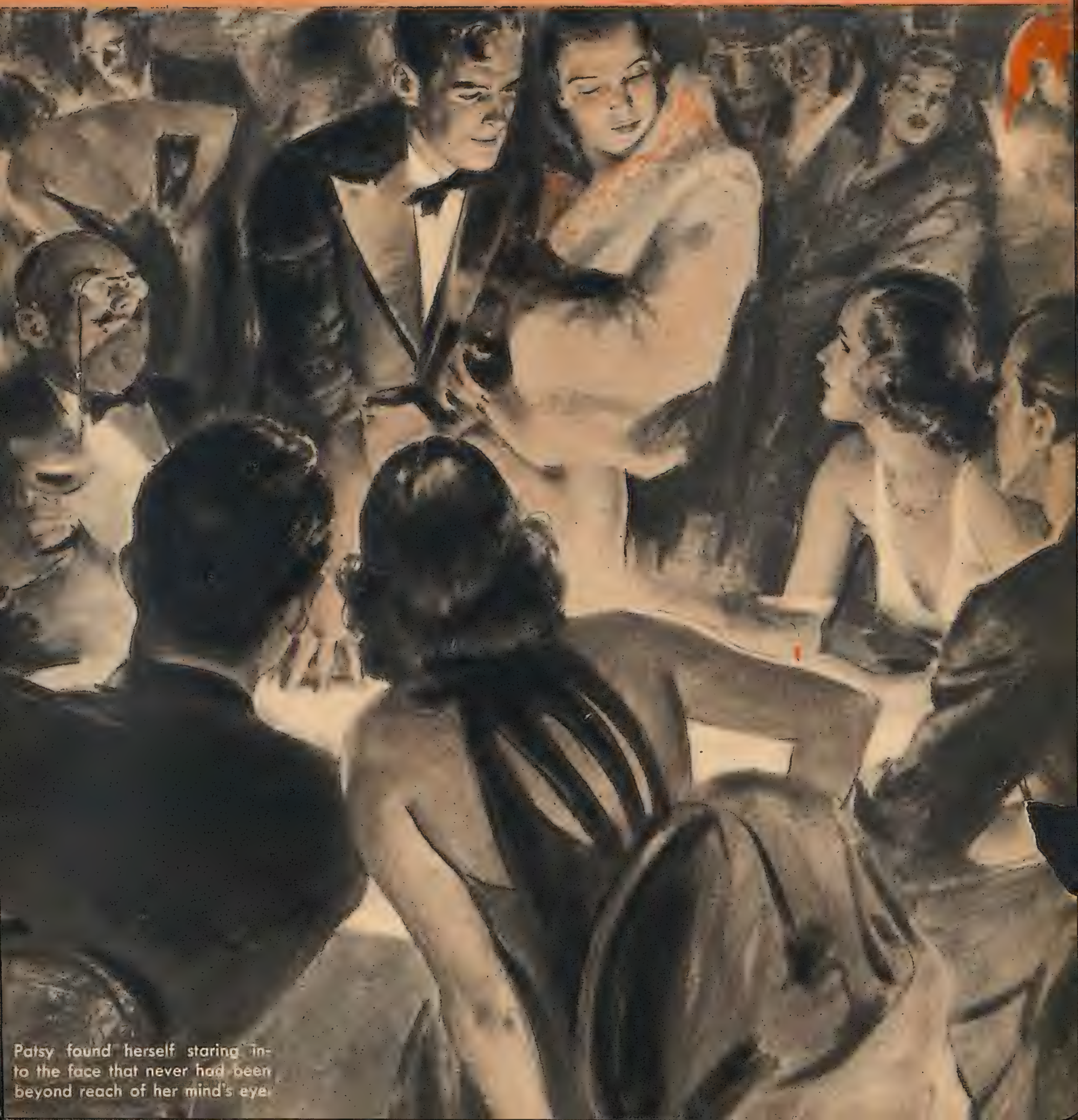


Lucia Lombard.



Patsy found herself staring into the face that never had been beyond reach of her mind's eye.

thousandth time since their marriage. "If you believe gloomy things like that, you shouldn't go about telling them!"

"Why not?"

"Well—it's like—putting poisoned candy around. Sooner or later some one's going to eat it."

"So that's what I am! A poisoned-candy philosopher!" He leaned over to pinch her cheek and run his strong creative fingers through her hair.

"Yes. And you're a great flyer and famous and—adorable! But, Ted, I could love you more if you believed in something. Not believing or caring much about anything makes you just a beautiful body and nice voice and lots of sweet witty words and—that's all."

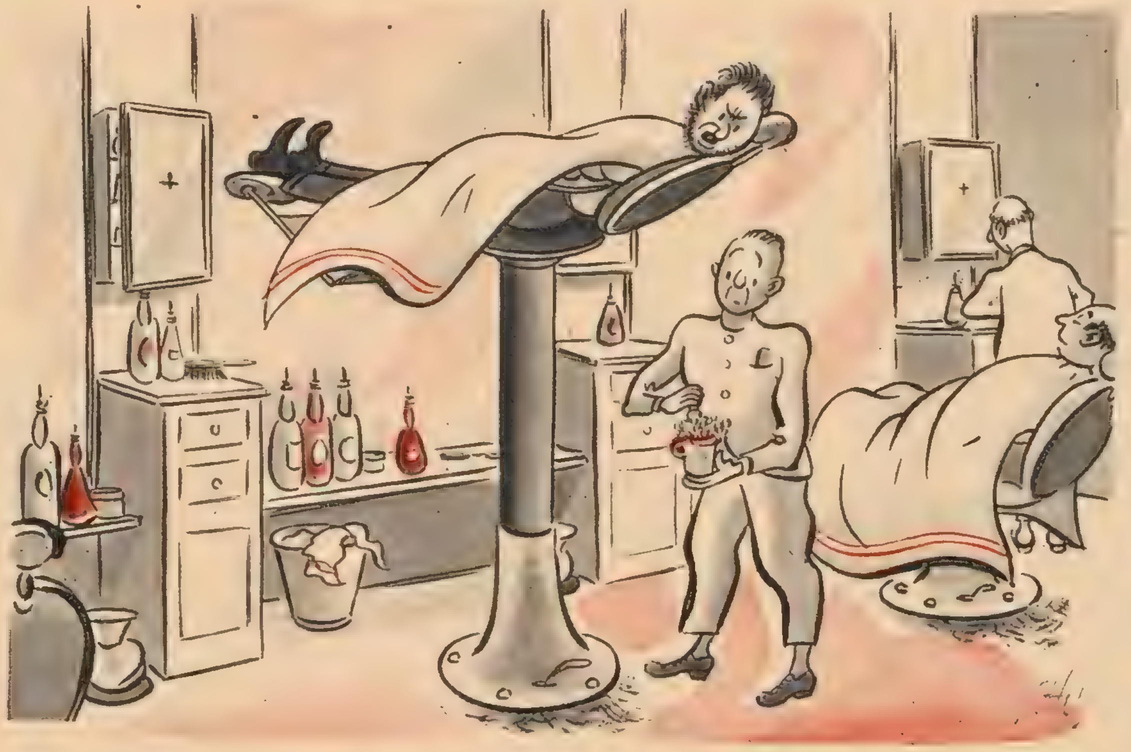
"Empty vase, what?"

"Yes."

"Maybe I'm a vase that got so badly broken once that whatever was inside leaked out. How's that for an answer, dear?"

She sighed. "You always have one!"

"Uh-huh. And now I have you." He mussed her hair, kissed her. "So let's go places, eat, drink, be merry. And my New Year's resolution for 1935 will be to try to find the right answer to everything!"



"What are you gonna do—grease me?"

MEANWHILE, out on Long Island, in Lucia's family home, the Dick Lombards were also enacting a domestic scene. Lucia's father and mother were in Palm Beach, and she had opened Valhalla for a winter house party. The big old house with its oak-paneled rooms, its too-English chintzes, and too-French furniture was full of noisy romping playboys and girls of the athletic set. The only conversation was of sports; the only drink was Scotch-and-soda.

And the only place where Dick Lombard could go to be alone was the bathroom of the suite he shared with Lucia. The bathroom that had been decorated several years previous for Lucia by a mural-painter friend—with a frieze of centaurs galloping about on what looked like a somewhat muddy golf course.

Dick stood staring out the window, his back to these tirelessly disporting Olympians. He looked at the gray sea, the gray sky—and he looked back on 1934. But he tried not to look ahead at 1935. Dick didn't know himself these days. All the fight seemed to have gone out of him. The big bluster, the audacity, the animal spirits—all subdued. A pall seemed to hang between him and life. He couldn't explain it. In Wall Street they said, "Captain Kidd's losing the old fight. What's come over him?" And the guests at Lucia's parties, or at Lucia's golf clubs, or at Aiken where she played, and Sea Island Beach, and Clearwater, Florida, said, "Lucia Valiant's husband's kind of a dull soul, isn't he?"

That's what they said of him. What they were saying now, on this last day of '34, downstairs in the big living room with the impressive line-up of Lucia's trophies gleaming on the mantelpiece. They were saying, "Your husband's off his feed, isn't he, Luce?" And "Your spouse doesn't seem to go for us in a big way." And "That Norse god you married looks like the original Great Stone Face!"

Dick knew and didn't care. . . . What had Patsy once said? "Some day we'll grow up—we'll turn into *people.*" . . . Well, he wasn't *people*. He wasn't anything but Lucia Valiant's big good-looking dull husband. . . . Patsy! He hadn't thought of Patsy for a long time. Patsy who was Mrs. Ted Anderson now, wife of the famous flying inventor. . . . Happy New Year, Patsy! Hope life's giving you the break you deserve. I guess it's giving it to me!

He smiled grimly, thinking of his marriage—of the bedroom behind him. . . . "I didn't know women like you still lived!" he had said to Lucia only the night before. And she had countered, "If you knew as much as you think you do about women you'd realize that more and more we aren't letting ourselves be mere toys for men to play with whenever they feel the urge!" . . . Dick had groped for an answer to this—apt words still came slowly to him. "But love's a *mutual* thing," he finally protested. "It's *two*—not just *my* wanting you."

And Lucia had answered, "Men have, no doubt, been using that line for years! You ought to think up a new one!" Then she'd turned over and eyed him speculatively from her bed. "You know, you're really not half as bright as I thought you were."

"Probably not. But at least"—and now he quoted a remark of hers that had stuck in his crop for some time—"you'll admit that I haven't ruined your golf game!"

Lucia had laughed comfortably. "'Deed you haven't, big boy. Trust Luce for that!"

Dick now stood rehearsing that whole scene, against his will. He turned angrily from the window, reached for his razor. "Rats!" he said aloud. "I despise men who are sorry for themselves!" He began to shave.

A knock interrupted. "Dick, what on earth—"

"I'm shaving."

"We thought you'd at least drowned! Hurry up. We've a mob more coming for cocktails before we barge to the city."

"We've always a mob," he grumbled.

THE Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria is probably one of the most gracious spots in the world. This New Year's Eve the beautiful room was crowded to capacity. Patsy was dancing with Ted. They danced expertly together. Ted was enjoying it. Patsy was enjoying it. Then the music swung from Drums in My Heart into the old Give Me Something to Remember You By—and Patsy stumbled. Not because of the music, although her thoughts were already surging back on its waves. But because a new party had climbed the maroon stairs to stand under the entrance archway. In the center of the group, golden head gleaming, stood Dick.

Ted, surprised at Patsy's misstep, glanced down at her. Her face had flushed crimson.

"One drink too many, sweet," he said. "Gone to your face."

"No. Oh, no. It's because the cab window was open. I should never ride in the open and then drink."

But he continued to look at her. "You even *sound* a little queer. Let's eat." He piloted her back to their table.

Patsy put icy hands against flaming cheeks. "I—I'd better go powder," she said. "You—toy with the oysters."

"Right," he agreed, smiling his smile that so often came only from the lips. . . . And his thought was, Patsy isn't happy! That's why she drinks. What is it about me that drives women to drink! If I knew the answer to— Answer? There isn't any answer! To anything. . . .

" Hi, Pat! " some one hailed.

And—" There's the better half of Pat'n'Ted! " saluted some one else.

" Pat'n'Ted "—that's what their friends called them. And at this charged moment Pat thought—Patented, that's right. Something made by *man*, recognized by *law*. Not made by *God*, as Dick and I—oh! . . . She hurried down the stairs, across the circular foyer. . . . Oh, Ted must be right—I've had too much to drink! . . . But powdering her face, she met her own eyes in the mirror and knew she was lying! It wasn't drink that was making the pulse in her throat leap and pound. Dick—Dick—Dick! To see him again so near! Maybe he'd speak. What could she do—say? Dick!

Back at their table, with their crowd now complete about her, bolstering her up, she decided to become the life of the party.

" I've worn red again, Ted! " she laughed.

" Again? "

" Yes—remember? Wore red the night we met. It's a fast-moving color. Things happen when you wear red! "

Ted, watching his wife, decided that she was alcoholically lit, but she could take it.

Dick, seated at his table across the dance floor, also watched Patsy. New, strange Patsy. Beautiful Patsy! Changed, different, sophisticated, probably less lovable—he decided—but more glamorous, more provocative than ever. . . . " Like a charm, till your returning," beat the music. " Oh, give me something—"

THE evening marched on, ever mounting. New Year's Eve! What need was there for dynamos and electric current? Surely enough electricity was generated in that throng to light the lights of all Manhattan! Love, jealousy, fear, hate, memory, remorse, sudden infatuation—sparking, crackling on all sides! No Edison has yet been born to harness the juice in human emotions, but when he bursts on the world, he will be the one to solve perpetual motion.

Then the orchestra played a tango. The silver lights dimmed. Languor. Hush. Few in '34—almost '35—could dance the tango well.

Dick could. Patsy could. A dancing teacher working his way to a Reno divorce had taught them it.

The Sert Room swelled with music—slow, heart-stirring, compelling. . . . And Dick did something on which Emily Post would probably frown. Something which Walter Winchell—fortunately bee-busy elsewhere—would have loved. Dick suddenly excused himself from his party, crossed the floor.

Patsy found herself staring up into the face that never for one day had been beyond reach of her mind's eye.

The conventional words that were perfunctorily tossed this way and that didn't interrupt the tango's opening bars. And nothing in the world could have interrupted what Patsy and Dick put into the dance. Nothing—because what they put into it had never been interrupted. Each sensed it. Time stood still for them while they danced. Only those two moving in a world of half-light and slow music waiting for a year to die.

Eventually the music stopped. As Ted had said only a week previous, " It goes up but sooner or later comes down."

" That was nice, Dick," said Patsy meaninglessly, because she knew she couldn't dare say anything with meaning.

" No," said Dick.

And standing there stupidly in the middle of the dance floor, they suddenly realized that people were applauding them because they had put on a good show. A show!

Then the orchestra broke into a silly saving " Ta-tee-*ta*-ta-ta—Goody! Goody! " More polite words were quickly bandied. And now Pat was dancing with Ted. . . . " Ta-tee-*ta*-ta-ta—" Pat was trying to concentrate. Don't think; dance! Smile, damn you, smile—who'd said that? . . . Rest the left hand lightly on his shoulder, squeeze the right now and then to tell Ted you're particularly enjoying *this* dance—

Ted spoke suddenly into her ear: " Loved your Dick pretty much, didn't you? "

" Oh! "

" Still do, don't you? "

" Ted, you brute! " The music was gyrating now in a senseless whirl; waves of sound and waves of light all beating like surf. " Ted, you're a beast! I can't stop and kiss you right here on the dance floor, can I? Dance! "

It was later, in the first morning of 1935, that the thing happened that both Patsy and Dick were to regret. It didn't happen in the Waldorf, but in one of those crowded dimly lighted Harlem night clubs where New Yorkers huddle together at too-small tables, in twenty-four-hour-old air, and listen to too-loud darky music.

Patsy's crowd and Dick's crowd met again by accident. Or maybe it was because Dick had overheard one of Patsy's crowd shout their destination on the way out of the Waldorf.

" ' Three lit-tle words, eight lit-tle letters,' " moaned the autointoxicated blacks. . . . " ' I love you! ' "

Once more Dick wove his way through the heady smoky turmoil to Patsy's table.

" For old times' sake," he explained thickly to the stark-sober Ted.

Once again Patsy was in Dick's arms. Only now it was different. . . . Jostle of bodies, reek of perfume and liquor and cigarettes. Hot music, hot humanity. . . . Patsy of 1935 was dancing with Dick of 1935—a Dick who'd been drinking a lot of Dutch courage to face the new year.

" H'lo, Pat," he murmured. " Funny, isn't it? "

" What? " But she knew. Nothing funny here. Sad, bad, and oh, so foolish! Blissfully—no, *evilly*—foolish!

" You're a devil, Pat." He grinned at her. " Nice devil," he added, holding her tight. " Nice beautiful little devil. Didn't know you had it in you! "

" Stop, Dick! I haven't. Oh—Dick—stop! "

" Won't stop! Pat, listen." Now they were practically under the tilted disks of the saxophones. His lips were against her ear to make his words audible. " You know what I mean. We're meant for each other—you and I. Said so yourself! Pat, I want you! Meet me somewhere tomorrow, anywhere—Pat—you and I—yes? "

And because something inside her had leaped, turned over, and cowered back ashamed, Pat lifted blazing eyes to Dick's glowing ones. " Of course *not!* Oh, Dick, how could you! Take me back to my table. Oh, Dick! "

It was the " Oh, Dick! " that he was to remember afterward. The scorn in it, the wiping-off-the-map in it.

And one other thing he was to remember bitterly. He drank a great deal more after Pat had dismissed him so definitely. He drank until Lucia began practically holding him up while dancing. . . . What th' hell! She always led anyway! . . . Then Lucia decided enough was enough. " Home now," she ordered. And their party straggled out.

" Oh, hello, Mrs. Anderson! " Lucia stopped to say—not that she knew Patsy. General introductions were mumbled. " Aren't you proud of your husband? "

Patsy, looking at Dick, said, " No! " Then she started, seemed to come to and understand that Lucia meant Ted. " I mean *yes*," she corrected hastily. " But "— Patsy floundered—" I'd rather have him fly less dangerously."

" Naturally," commented Lucia dryly. " But at least he *flies*, does *something* in a big way! . . . Come, Dick, big boy, it's 1935. Luce starts training today! "

That was bad enough. But then Dick heard—and knew that Pat also heard—a bystander say, " There goes Mr. Lucia Valiant. Nighty-nighty! Lucy wants t'go t'bed now so she'll play bigger an' better golf. Poor dog! "

WHEN the " poor dog " woke that afternoon in the Long Island house, his sobering mind rehearsed for him all the black spots of the evening before. Particularly his drunkenly trying to proposition Pat. Why had he behaved that way to *her?* Little Patsy! Beautiful, sweet— He groaned. Not so much because his head was splitting, but because the very waters of life seemed to be at such a low ebb that it just wasn't worth while launching a boat in them.

He let himself sink; he wooed oblivion. But the butler's voice roused him. "Mrs. Lombard says that your guests are arriving." Somewhere below, Dick could hear the strains of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot—" Arriving? Dick buried his head under the pillows.

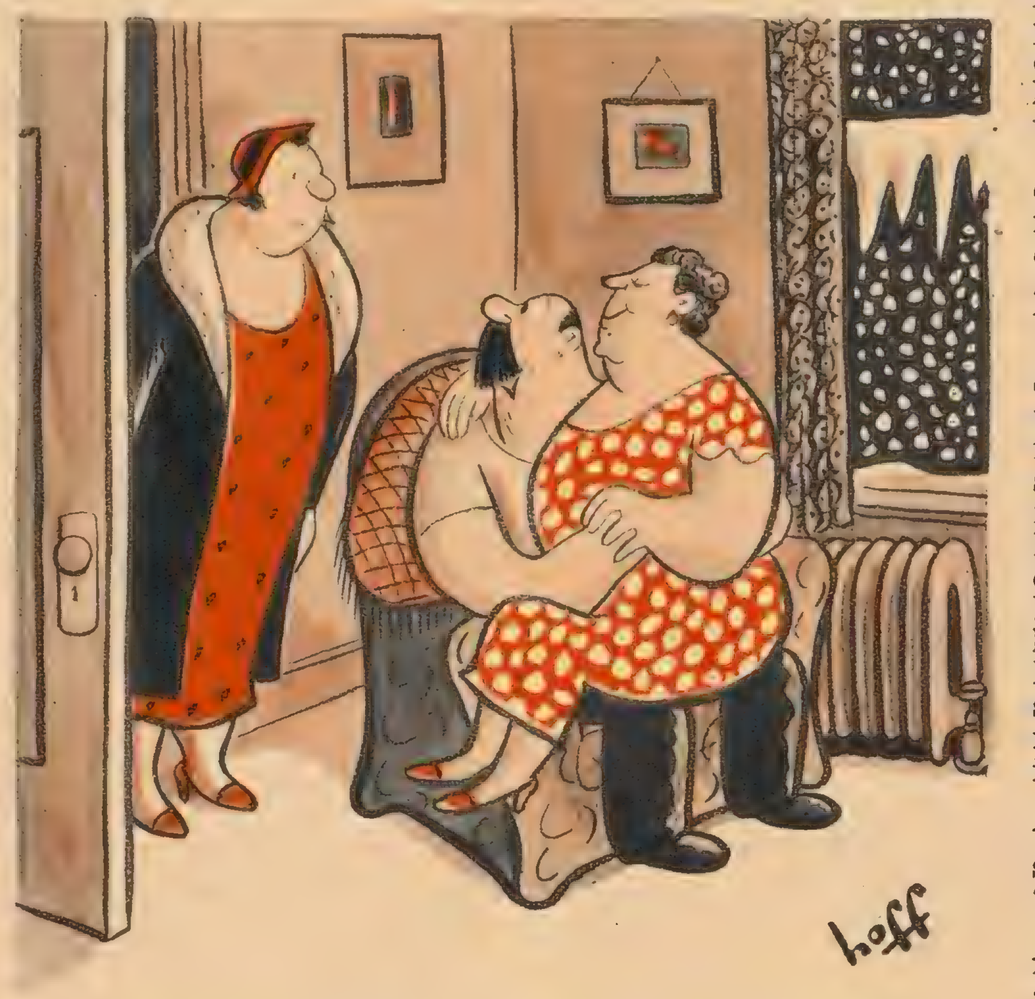
"If you'll just drink this, sir. Mrs. Lombard says it will fix you."

Dick feebly waved an arm, hoping to hit the proffered tray and glass. But he missed. So he sat up, glaring at the smugly solicitous servant. "Raeburn," he said, "I am already fixed! Not even the devil himself could fix me more completely! As far as I can see—which isn't very far on this bright beautiful first day of '35—I am fixed for all time; through; *fini!* . . . But just to show you that there's still an atom of fight left in the *poor dog,* I will *not* drink that damned mess!" Dick swung his long body out of bed. "And, Raeburn," he said firmly, "don't you dare wish me a happy new year!"

NOR was it a happy new year for Dick, although it was a year that got him somewhere fast.

Lucia noticed a change in him almost from the beginning. She wasn't astute enough to realize that it dated from New Year's Eve. Nor was she astute enough to play her cards more wisely—let up on the reins.

"But of *course* you can leave Wall Street for my tournament in Aiken," she insisted to him in April. "I like to have you there. I play better. Besides, you've not been proving anything on the Street."



"The radiator's broke, so the janitor sent up his wife."

"I don't want to leave New York just now—"

"Oh, very well. Be mean and selfish if you must! Play the big business man if it amuses you! It isn't as if you'd accomplish anything by staying! You know you scarcely bring in enough to pay your office rent. And for a while we all thought you were going to stage a sensational comeback! . . . Maybe you haven't heard—but do you know what people are calling you? *Mr. Lucia Valiant*—that's what! Because you don't do a thing on your own hook! How do you think that makes *me* feel? . . . Even your pals say you're through!"

Dick's face had become a mask. He said thoughtfully, "I don't blame them—my worried pals." He stood looking at Lucia remotely. He could see her now—as she was, as she always had been. He could see himself too. See what in a few more years he would be, poor dog! Finally he exclaimed, "All right, Luce. I'll come!"

And later she was to remember that she had felt a trifle uncomfortable at the tone of his acceptance.

And later Dick was to admit, "Yes, I went to that tournament to end going-to-tournaments for all time!"

It was a glorious day at Aiken. Fleecy clouds sailed high in a dazzling blue sky. Below, a good gallery had already gathered on the first green to watch Lucia tee off. She was wearing a new costume that she had designed for herself. She knew she looked well; she knew she was in excellent form. And in spite of the fact that Dick as yet had not shown up, she knew he would. Dick might be dull and difficult and headstrong at times, but he was a lamb about keeping promises. A picturesque lamb, too. She liked him to be seen with her.

And then, just as the crowd quieted, as the news photographers crouched silently to get a picture of the Valiant teeing off, Lucia's "lamb" appeared. He didn't really seem to be walking down the slope from the clubhouse. He seemed rather to be half rolling, half skipping. He was arrayed practically as the Biblical bridegroom, in white linen from head to foot. His golden hair shone; so did his red Norsemanlike face. Very red it was.

He pushed through the gallery. "Ssh!" some one said to him. "She's teeing off!"

"Oh, she won't mind me," Dick announced airily.

"Pipedown," growled some one else. "Who d'you think you are!"

"My good man," shouted Dick, evading the hands of an official, "don't you know me? I'm an anomaly. Practically anonymous! I'm Mr. Lucia Valiant!"

THE famous Broadway columnist—who had always had it in for the two since the days when Florette had carried the torch and Dick and Lucia had ridden in Central Park—reported with between-the-lines satisfaction:

"Lucia Valiant lost her first golf match in years. Mr. Lucia Valiant lost his third wife."

What effect will this latest escapade of Dick's have on Patsy? On his own character and future? Is he through with matrimony and women? He must reorientate himself, but how and when? Next week's Liberty will answer some momentous questions in the life of our much married man.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 45

1—(Alfred) Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918).

2—Phosphorus.

3—Edsel Ford.

4—Apparently not, for Germany plans to operate the LZ-130, sister ship to the Hindenberg, this spring.

5—Quo Vadis?

6—Basketball.

7—One or more croquettes.

8—The Rhythm Boys.

9—Rudy Vallée, who started on the road to bigger things such radio stars as Bergen and McCarthy, Tommy Riggs, and the Stroud Twins.

10—The petrified forest.

11—Pennsylvania; Delaware; New Jersey.

12—The Little Peach and the shag.

13—Just three, so far.

14—Mullet (the other three being animals).

15—Hungary, with a constitution dating from 1222.

16—By leaving a small bottle of rich cream occasionally. Some skins which do not react favorably to creams containing oil, respond nobly to Grade A.

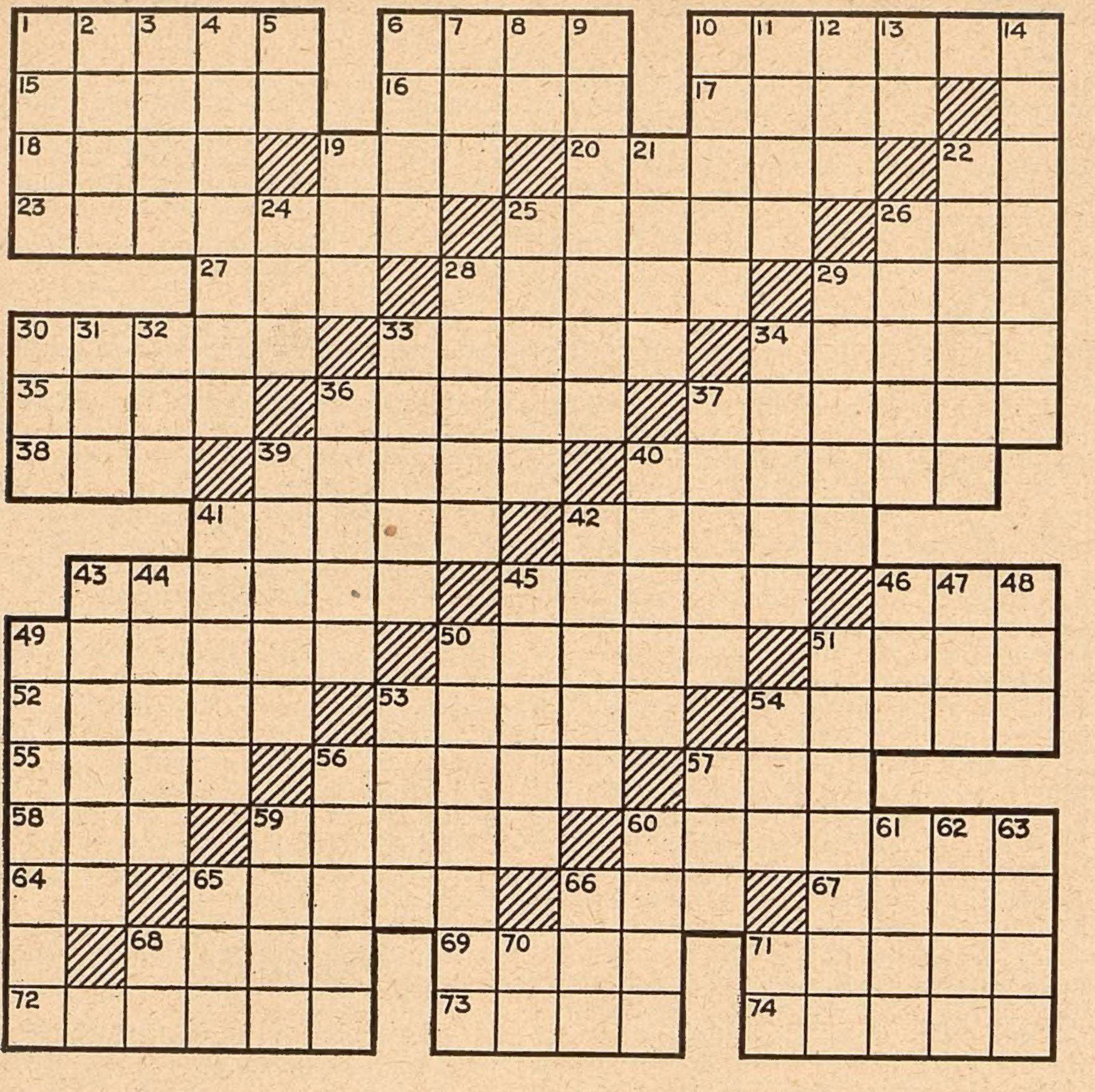
17—King Ahab.

18—Ammonia—which thus gained its name.

19—Quebec, Quebec, and Halifax, Nova Scotia.

20— Rufus Choate

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Pertaining to a part of the body
6 To beguile
10 Indian native soldiers
15 Avoid
16 Pitcher
17 Turkish title
18 Grit
19 Skin tumor
20 Uncanny
22 Pronoun
23 Railroad tie
25 Walk pompously
26 Cut off
27 No
28 Emit vapor
29 Stringed instrument
30 Home
33 Hammer part (pl.)
34 Taut
35 Woman's name
36 Happened well or ill
37 Adorned
38 Digit
39 Satisfied
40 Indites
41 Watches furtively
42 Grates
43 Members of Mongolic or Turkic tribes
45 Muck
46 Snatch away
49 Herbaceous plant
50 Selected
51 Memorandum
52 Old-womanish
53 Old English coin
54 Depressed with fear
55 Contest
56 Shine
57 A son of Noah
58 To frost
59 Eminent
60 Mocks
64 Exist
65 Fine icy particles
66 Point
67 River in Africa
68 You
69 Margin
71 Meaning
72 East
73 Performs
74 Measure of length

```
NEWYEARS ANTLER
IMITATOR MIRAGE
GBS■SHOO BRINGS
HEP■TOT■LIV■DSO
TR■YES■PETAL■■N
  SAR■FOG■NORMA
PUNK■OUR■SALOON
AGA■EPITAPH■ARC
CHILLS■EVA■FREE
ISLES■ORE■TIS
F■■GIFTS■PEN■PA
ISM■NIT■PRE■PUB
STUPOR COOP■ERA
TENURE LOVENEST
SWIPED SHOETREE
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Not as much
2 Ellipse
3 Disease in sheep
4 Additions
5 Note of the scale
6 To shift
7 A wheat bristle
8 Pronoun
9 Represent falsely
10 Whey of milk
11 Give forth
12 Pastry
13 Either
14 Paced
19 Moist
21 Periods
22 Equines
24 American author
25 Charger
26 Pointed weapon
28 Withers
29 Warms
30 Do
31 To hoot
32 Metal-bearing mass
33 Part of the head (pl.)
34 Commonplace
36 Fay
37 Soil deeply
39 Lean
40 Carpus
41 Grave marker
42 Twilight
43 Best and third-best cards of a suit
44 Woman's name
45 Young pig
46 At present
47 Corroded
48 Couch
49 District in British Columbia
50 Made
51 Person designated for an office
53 Mirth
54 Vehicle
56 Welcome
57 Hesitate in speaking
59 Secluded valley
60 Expires
61 A blow
62 Otherwise
63 Prophet
65 Pronoun
66 Mature
68 Note of the scale
70 Perform
71 An element (symbol)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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To a Group of Ladies Not in Love

IN THE MAIL one morning last week came a post card from Los Angeles with this message:

> Our group (between 20 and 40) were discussing the magazine field in general. One held a Liberty, one a Collier's, one a Post, one a Cosmopolitan, one an Esquire, and so on. Where, we asked, in American magazines does one find fiction, or even articles, that are not made according to the editor's whims ? Why are articles written for thrills rather than for facts ? Why is fiction concerned only with crime, love, and war ? Where is the fiction of life—the life that we, the average person, lives ? We are not in big business, nor in crime—or in love, for that matter. Sincerely,
> THE FORGOTTEN READERS.

We cannot answer for our brethren in the editorial craft, but we can speak for Liberty, and we shall. . . . First, about being in love. . . . If you are not in love, which is to say, if you do not love at least one other person in the world more than you love yourself, then you should pray for this grace to come into your lives. . . . Not to be in love is not to be in life. . . . This is not a whim, but an everlasting truth. No successful magazine is published according to the editor's whims. . . . Not that we would not like to. . . . The policy of Liberty is threefold. . . . It offers entertainment, information, and inspiration. . . . The entertainment must be wholesome, the information accurate and without malicious selectivity, the inspiration toward a richer life. . . . You who style yourselves our "forgotten readers" speak of big business as if it had no relation to your quiet lives. . . . You are all partners in big business. . . . Your welfare and its welfare are one and the same thing. . . . You ought to be interested in it. . . . You speak of crime as if it played no part in your world. . . . The crime bill of the United States is fifteen billion dollars a year. . . . That bill is paid out of your pocketbooks. . . . Everything that you, our "forgotten readers," eat, and the cost of laundering your linen, the price of the clothes that you wear, the rent that you pay, all the charges against your wages, are too high, everything you use costs too much, because of crime. . . . The need for quiet people in everyday homes to be quiet no longer, to be roused from a false sense of security into active determination to abolish racketeering and organized crime, is one of the important issues of today. . . . You "forgotten readers" who object to hearing about crime remind me of bridge players who are annoyed at the neighbor who rushes in to tell them their house is on fire. . . . You are also distressed because war is mentioned. . . . Yet War is breathing over the human race today, thirsting for more blood. . . . Where does the blood come from to slake the thirst of War? . . . It comes from the men of quiet families and "forgotten readers." . . . It comes from boys taken from their school desks, young men called away from their jobs, husbands separated from their wives, fathers who must turn their backs on children. . . . But today the blood of those men is not enough to quench the thirst of War. . . . War will drink the blood of young wives and of old mothers and of babies who have not learned to walk. . . . Shanghai . . . Madrid . . . do you "forgotten readers" feel that you are so safe and cozy that these horrors can never reach you? . . . We can keep War from our doorstep only by a united will to peace and preparedness of fathers, sons, mothers and wives, by the prayers of all of us bending our knees and entreating God as we kneel on the sweet soil of our freedom that we may continue in our quiet ways, our peaceful ways. . . . You are not really the "forgotten readers." . . . It is for you more than for any one else that these things are written about crime and war, for you do not know them and you need to know them. . . . And may God Almighty be with us all in the fight. . . . OUR THANKS TO the venerable and illustrious Boston Traveler for its editorial on Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt. . . . Among other things, the Traveler declares: "There are times when publications achieve heights that are important historical landmarks. In its biography of President Roosevelt, Liberty does just that." . . . The Ludwig story grows and grows. . . . It has aroused the interest of the world and has brought us letters from all corners of the earth where Liberty finds its way. . . . You will all be glad to know that every issue has been sold out and that we have established an all-time high for magazine newsstand sales. . . . You will not want to miss the next chapter of the greatest American biography. . . . OUR THANKS ALSO to the Rev. Paul Bussard, editor of the Catholic Digest, who says in part: "The December issue of the Catholic Digest carries as its lead article the splendid interview of Father Flanagan by Edward Doherty. May I say that I think the editorial policy and accomplishment of Liberty in the past two years deserves high recommendation." . . . An anonymous correspondent from Boston, Massachusetts, signs himself "Duke." . . . If he will be forthright enough to send us his name and address, which will be held in confidence and not used to his disadvantage, we shall be glad to argue the point with him—but we will not argue anything with any one who has not the courage to sign his own name. . . . THERE IS A LOT OF TALK about British propaganda in the United States. One American historian has recently written a book about it called England Expects Every American to Do His Duty. Recently we talked with H. G. Wells during his visit to this country about this suspicion. In answer Mr. Wells has sent us a startling article, to appear next week, called Transatlantic Misunderstandings. Here is something for every American to read. . . . ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE there is advertisement about our table of contents for next week. . . . Above all things, do not miss The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, written by Grace Perkins, the loveliest of American novelists!

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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